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February 20, 1915

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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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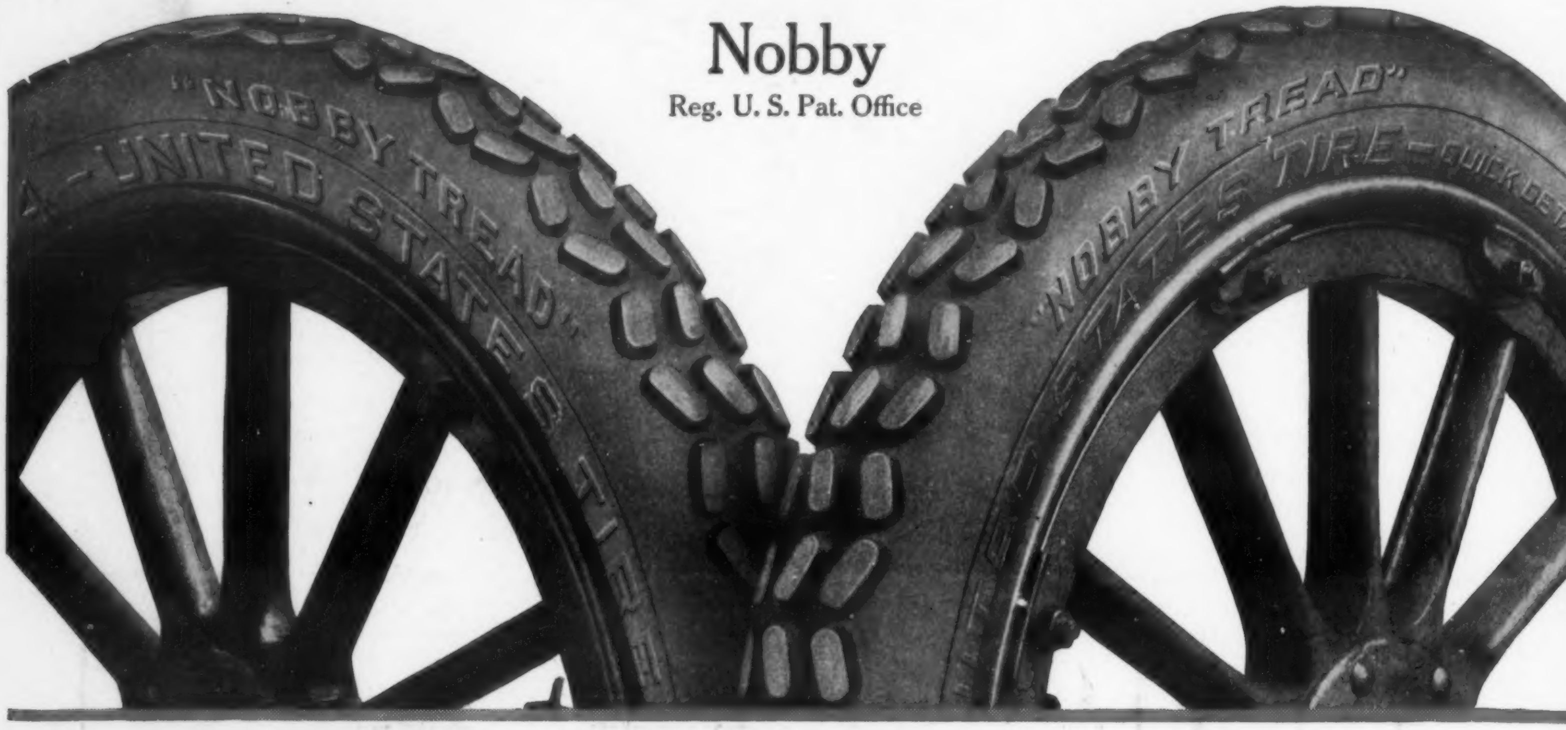

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SALERATUS SMITH

BY CEYLON HOLLINGSWORTH

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE WRIGHT

SALERATUS SMITH is an amazingly genuine colored person. No white man in burnt cork is here. To the creator of this broadly comic, deeply real, dark being the judges of our short-story contest have awarded the second prize—$1,000. We present the story with some pride. It is no negro-minstrel performance, still less a sentimental show; it is African grotesque with a thrill in it. You will remember Saleratus after you have stopped laughing

IF COMING events cast their shadows before, the dusky harbinger of a big incident was surely upon Saleratus Smith. And speaking of shadows, it required a large, ebony one to rest perceptibly upon him. He was six feet two inches tall, weighed 300 pounds, and his powerful, urbane face was so black it was fascinating. Its expression was a commingling of calm and lofty contentment and shrewdly frowning humor. It was a comedy, a serio-comic, and infected the eye with laughter. But it was a deception. Unseen tragedy looked from behind it like a masked Death.

Saleratus was forty and had been a professional gambler since his callow adolescence. He was the proprietor of a dingy combination of billiard parlor and barber shop up a bad, bad alley. There was a blind door at the rear of the stuffy room, and behind that door he conducted a "coon" gambling joint, notorious in the underground world of three States. The police connived at the place, for Saleratus was their ally in maintaining order and suppressing thugs and thievery. The considerable city had a large negro population, and with his resort in full blast, Headquarters never worried about games running elsewhere. Disturbance never occurred there. Every visitor with a razor left it in the front room to be honed.

"'Pears to me, from de outside, like yo' has a gun on," suddenly remarked Saleratus one night, looking down at a short but loud Scream in Chocolate from Louisville who had never reverberated in these precincts before.

"Uh-huh? And if I has, wha' of it?"

"Take it out front to be ho-o-ned. Cost yo' a quarter."

"Ho-ho! Hone a gun!" jeered the Scream. He disdained the sphinxlike mountain of muscle before him and bestowed an inordinately lawless eye upon the long room. Every game had suddenly stopped, every face was stricken with grave yet lively expectance, and every eye was gazing not at him but at Saleratus. He took note of this finally. Then he gazed up at Saleratus himself.

"Wh-which gentlemun hones de guns out dar?" he asked with a respectful gulp.

"Any one of them, my dear suh. Jes' give them de utensil and a quarter and yo' gets yo' check." And out shambled the Scream. This incident describes Saleratus better than much rhetoric—Saleratus the suave, the astute, the inscrutable and dauntless. And yet here, at last, had something cankered his nerve. He had a sigh-heaving grouch on and wore it around his neck as a Chinese culprit wears a cellar door. Beyond a high-crowned, tan sombrero, spotless linen, and a big diamond stud, Saleratus had always been a rather indifferent dresser. But the grouch, after a few days, wrought a sudden and astounding change. A rush order at his tailor's brought him out within a week in all the exquisite vividness of a streak of lightning and created a sensation in his shop.

The many there were all stunned, mystified and agog, and tickled almost to death by a broad, acute sense of humor. They exchanged demonstrative pantomimes behind his back, but were judiciously unobserving under the testy grandeur of his smoldering eye. Their week's experience with the grouch placed them in the dark as to how far they might tread upon his dignity just for fun.

But he soon illuminated their darkness. His strange access of carping fastidiousness had discovered a technical roughness on one of his cheeks ten minutes after his appearance, and he was in his head barber's chair, lathered to the eyes, when an immature spider-legged race problem in lavender cuffs, celluloid choker and homemade cigarette giggled in a well-aimed whisper:

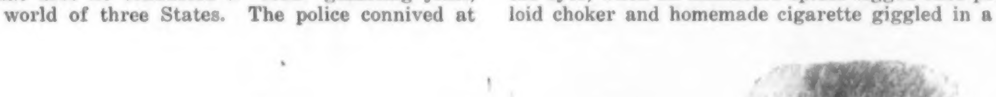
"Um-m! My-y!" Immediately and silently Saleratus arose and, without even a grunt or dislodging a fleck of his meringue, picked up the celluloid collar and everything that went with it and flung it into the alley. After this definition of lèse majesté the shop literally swam in blind and purling obliviousness.

But after he had departed with his late anxiously restless air, the shop took counsel and rumors swarmed in conclave.

They knew that he hung uneasily around the station at train times; that he took a long walk over on the West Side every morning; and that he was now lounging up and down the shopping district more in a day than hitherto had been his total wont in a month.

But day followed day, and although they spied upon him and canvassed theory after theory, the enigma could not be cracked.

A week revolved and brought the first of November. Saleratus was at the railway station. It was late in the afternoon and the fatal adumbration had suddenly so thickened that the coming event must surely be at hand. The gray suit and topcoat, the mellow gamboge of shoes and eye-curdling orpiment of gloves were still unblemished; yet, somehow, the thrill and lurid elegance seemed to droop crestfallen in a spiceless, gingerless atmosphere.



The six-foot lady followed him to the step and gave him her hand in good night and laughed serenely. . . . "Thank yo', thank yo'," replied Saleratus with waxen graciousness. "And I'll sho'ly be here in time to attend the mornin' services with yo'."

He stood on the platform near the ladies' exit to trains and conversed with an elderly mulatto of gravely consequential mien in spectacles, gray mutton-chop wools, and rusty, clerical garb. A concourse of several hundred, mostly women, awaiting their return trains, crowded the space between the two and the tracks. They were one of the excursions daily pouring into the city to attend the revival services which a celebrated evangelist had been holding afternoon and evening for a month, under an inclosed shed that seated ten thousand.

He poised his ax, his face working, twitching, grinning, elongating; his black, satiny skin trickling with perspiration; his great paddy fingers opening and tightening. The dazed crowd glared at him in consternation. "Yo' miserable par'phanalya," he apostrophized in rumbling groans, "no second-hand dealer gets yo'"

The entire corner of the State had been sucked up into the vortex of an increasing whirlwind of religious emotionalism; and these women in their fanatically radiant faces and happy volubility reflected the general mind.

"It was dat grand, stately, six-foot figger what draws my eye first," moaned Saleratus. "And then I sees dat face. Oh, dat face, Rev'nd Tucker! Comes 'long like a big scythe and mow me down."

"Now you see where yo' wicked life has placed you."

"'Deed I do! I's de most miserable nigger in de world. It's three weeks since I first sees her, right yere, and dat face been right front of me ever since. She's de walking image of a dream I begins to have twenty years ago. Yep! Ho, hum! I looks mighty high in my notions of a wife. But I's so low-down tuff, and so-o big and so-o black, dat I dropped de hull business years ago—all but de picture of how I'd like her. And now, here she steps out of de frame and I's a goner!"

SALERATUS sighed like a hippopotamus, thoughtfully pushed back his sombrero, and rubbed his forehead. Then he shifted his feet and planted himself anew.

"Um—does yo' have any idea, Rev'nd Tucker, if I was a *good* man yo' niece 'd look at me? I has fifteen thousand hard tucked away."

The Rev'nd Tucker frowned up at him in pious astonishment and reprobation. The bulky face looked back as dumb, pathetic, and helpless as a horse with a broken leg.

"But yo' are *not* good, Saleratus. Why, I should as soon think of shooting my niece, suh, as introducing her to yo'—to be frank with yo'. But yo' have had every chance to be good. Think of the times without number I have labored with yo' to reform and prayed for yo' and denounced yo' from the pulpit. If yo' had only profited, I could introduce yo' and give yo' a clear field and no favor."

Saleratus Smith seemed stripped of words by an agony of remorse.

"It's queer yo' never saw her before," remarked the minister reflectively. "She visited me a long spell when she was home a year ago. Her parents live over here in East Rosaile. She's been coming over two or three times a week to attend the meetings. Oh, yes! Her father and mother were taken sick and she came home to help them out. She has been lady's maid for, oh, ten years, in a wealthy Looyville family. They are active religious people and think everything of her. Yes, indeed! Pay her her wages right along while she's up here. Yes, they're actively interested in the betterment of our race and are back of a colony scheme down in Georgia. But"—he sighed contentedly—"she's in Abraham's bosom and you—are like Dives in hell."

"I—I's good at heart, Rev'nd, even I am in Dives's bosom. Dat face starts me readin' de sermons in de papers every day. Dey shows up I's got a soul, and then with dat face workin' 'long dey twists it loose from de places whar it's growed to de bone. And I's plum bowed down!"

He shifted his weight again and, with chin up and great sleepy lids almost closed, looked off over the heads of the crowd.

"I glory in God to hear it! Yo' shall have my constant prayers," exclaimed the minister fervently; "yo're a black monster of sin, yo' soul's as black as yo' face, but just reach up and grasp the Christ hand that is reaching down into yo' blackness and yo'll be lifted up into joy and yo' soul will be white as wool. Glory to God!"

"Yo' believes dat?"

"'Deed I do! I know it!"

"It'll wash 'way my record up yonder, sure nuff—but what I wants to know, does it wash it 'way down yere with yo'?"

For a moment the good man was nonplused.

"God can read a man's heart for what it is. I have to judge it by what it makes him do. It's up to you, Saleratus."

Saleratus was silent. He was so standing that the tail of one eye hovered about the door to the ladies' waiting room. Suddenly his heart reversed and began to pump the other way. In a twinkling the entrance had framed her. She had stepped out, as if to join her uncle, and been halted by the gambler's presence. She was thirty, perhaps. She was modestly dressed in latest mode, and her form so gracefully proportioned that her height was not obtrusive. Her complexion was a rich Roman ocher with a touch of Indian red in the cheeks, and her decidedly negroid features were ripe and magnetic with womanliness, animal and spiritual.

Evidently she had never seen him before, for she was looking squarely at him, naively startled and amused by his dimensions. There was nothing lubberly in them. They depicted largeness and strength rather than beef and fat, and in the occult darks and depths of her Oriental eyes was an admiration that drew his face around to hers. Their eyes met unintentionally in a momentary yet perfect contact. They met in that mutual whirl of unknown possibility and hidden romance which is like the accidental harmony of two notes as they pass each other on their way.

"How'll I—how'll I make de turn and take de stand?" he asked in an ardent, shaky voice, placing a hand on the preacher's shoulder.

"Cut out the old life now, this minute. Don't sell it out to some one else. Cut it out. Come out before all men with a big, brave, right-about face." He turned with a sudden enthusiasm and grabbed Saleratus's sleeve as if he were pouncing upon some fleeting inspiration. "Yo're a gambler. Then plunge on God Almighty—to the limit, which is heaven above—to the last sou, last friend, breath. Yo'll rake in peace, happiness, and the righteous desires of yo' heart as surely as the sun rises and sets, and a man that gets these wins."

The divine flame in the preacher's earnestness ignited the heap of old junk that was Saleratus's soul. The enkindled gambler flamed up, as it were, and brought his two great hands together with a report like a gun.

"Done!" he thundered, both forgetful and regardless of where he was. "I takes Him against de field! And here I stakes my all!" He raised and came down on his heels with a defiant shake of the shoulders and rubbed his forehead as if smitten with embarrassment. Then he bent over and said in an eager undertone:

"Be at de meetin' to-night—be there! I lays my stakes to-night in dat meetin' before all men. And yo' wants to help dis yere sinner on to heaven? Then keep her yere and fetch her to de meetin'. Yo' promise?"

The minister seized his hand in a wringing grasp and scrutinized his face critically.

"Yes, I will do what I can," he declared with a dubious note.

"I'll be there. G'by!" And Saleratus, with head up and face abeam, heaved away with rapid, perky strides.

"I's de straight tip from Glory," he sang to himself as he swung along. "De old hunch that never goes back on me from inside yere! De Lawd'll give me dat angel if I shoves myself into the pile to de last chip. If I keeps back one measly white one for caw fare, I loses out. He's give me de peace and happiness already. Praise de Lawd!"

"Who is that man, uncle?" she laughed as she stepped up and gazed with her relative after Saleratus. "I wish I were as black as he is. He has the ideal complexion—for the happiness of our people."

He told her pithily. Then, after some silent rumination, he unreservedly retailed his conversation with him, watching her closely meanwhile to see how deeply she was annoyed or alarmed. She was amazed, and laughed and sparkled with demure interest and exclaimed and questioned, but was peculiarly noncommittal.

"And I may stay with you to-night, uncle?"

"Why, surely."

She snapped open her hand bag nervously, and, picking out her ticket, made a pretense of reading it.

"Yes, it's good for to-morrow," she said, replacing it and not raising her eyes.

"All right, Lucy. We'll go home now."

SALERATUS boarded a car and rode up into the aristocratic residential district. At a certain corner he stood and looked at the large residence which had been given over to the evangelist, family and staff. Two automobiles were in front. The man he wished and yet feared to see was at home. But he hesitated only a moment. He marched boldly up to the front door and was admitted.

At eight o'clock, when the strenuous and athletic evangelist made his preliminary announcements, 9,000 silent, intent faces looked up at him from the vast amphitheatre in front and a choir of a thousand rose in a solid bank at his back.

"I have one more announcement to make," he said in his resounding clarion, "and I have my doubts about it."

While the audience seethed with a titter he looked with theatrical artfulness down at several rows of empty benches reserved directly below him.

"See these empty benches?" he continued. "The biggest nigger and the biggest sport and the toughest proposition this side of hell walked into my house this afternoon and surrendered. For ten years he has bossed the colored vote and vices of his race in this city. You have all heard of him—Saleratus Smith!"

The acre of humanity exploded with a laugh of astonishment that rolled away in a thunder of applause.

"I believe he is in earnest. He explained himself something like this"—he stepped to one end of the

platform, the evangelist became the comedian, and Saleratus's voice began to speak.

"'I figgers I has three layers,' says Saleratus. 'De first is paint—shiny, glad-hand paint what yo' can't scratch nohow. Dives down in my resources and connects a po' devil with the nutriment. Den comes de hawd shell, de real thing yo' bumps against in de dawk. So hawd every time yo' whacks it with yo' ax de blow glances off and cripples yo'self. Dat's what I does business with. It knows how to handle these yere Indiana niggers what's huntin' 'round for weak places with a box of specs or a deck cawds. I never goes through a nigger. No, suh! I always lets a nigger go through me; and when dat nigger comes out other side de rolls he's flat and has printin' on him. Printin' says: "Dis nigger is BROKE!" Then comes de last layer, de real inside. It's soft, honey, and sweet and warm like hot maple sirup. Dat real inside is *me* and de Lawd has broke up de hawd shell and set me free. I's not only goin' to quit my business but I's goin' to make de business quit its own self—to-night. There'll be about forty of de orniest chicken-liftin' coons in my joint dis evenin', and I's goin' to land those bad inks in a p'cession down front to-night or build a riot in my alley.'"

"And here wait the benches for him. He said he would drag the first haul of his net for Christ down here about 9.30. 'I's whole hog or none,' says Saleratus. 'I's goin' into de business of liftin' up my people and I wants yo' to tell de congregation I waits for some one what knows to take my arm and point out where my work lies; and my muscle, my life, and all my money b'longs to dat pusson and dat work."

While the ten thousand were volleying their approval, Saleratus stood before a panel of green felt that covered a window and contemplated a full house. An expensive cigar, embedded in a big kiss, protruded majestically, his sombrero surrounded the back of his head like a halo, and a big brilliant sparkled resplendently in a little valley across his white negligée. The ineffable contentment and the lordliness of the Ethiopian invested him.

Still they came, his customers. He had not had such a heavy night for many a day. A night like this would net him an easy hundred or two at least. The town was growing fast and these nights would become the rule. And as he stood there he thought about all this with every working cell of his wily brain. Viewed from his old standpoint, he knew he was crazy. He was about to assassinate smiling Fortune while in the very act of pouring her golden favors into his lap. And for what?

He saw the six-foot colored lady. He shifted his feet and rolled the cigar about his mouth. He saw the gulf between her goodness and his wickedness yawn bottomless and bridgeless. His heart gave a loggy rotation and sank out of sight. And then with an inward yell of jubilation he dove after it and brought it up. "Lawd, Lawd, it ain't Old Fortune dumpin' de commerce in my lap. It's de Lawd shovin' in niggers for my p'cession. I's up in a dir'gible with de Lawd and bottomless gulfs don't count, nohow."

At fifteen minutes to nine he walked in from the barber shop with an ax on his shoulder. He locked the door and put the key in his pocket.

"Well, what yo' know 'bout dat?" laughed some one.

"Wha-a's de chicken?" shouted another.

Those near him yi-yied.

"'Tention, gentlemun!" called Saleratus. He stood with his back to the door and, holding the ax on high, looked sternly upon them. "Listen! I settles yo' losses to-morrow. De house is PULLED!"

An instant's dumfounded silence and then the room was in a frantic yet stealthy tumult. Everyone jumped up, chairs were overturned, greedy, panic-stricken fists clawed and tussled over the chips and money, arms darted down among legs after the rain of rattling coin and celluloid, decks planed into the air and splashed on the floor, desperate men swore in hissing breaths and jabbered and milled about the cloaked windows.

"Yo' can't make yo' get-away, nohow!" boomed Saleratus. "De house is surrounded tight."

"Thought yo' was solid with Headquarters?" spit out a voice in ferocious reproach.

"Headquarters hain't pulled us!" vociferated Saleratus grimly.

The room staggered, stiffened up and stood motionless. "Who has?"

"God Almighty!" he thundered defiantly.

His scowl held their amazement for a moment. Then near him a husky in mortar-stained overalls and cap slowly lugged forth an oath of utter perplexity and disgust, slumped helplessly into a chair and precipitated a horse laugh of derision. A sneering murmur of growing indignation and mounting anger followed.

"What yo' handin' us, mistah man? Better not go handin' us n-no lemon!" exclaimed one, surly and threatening.

"Jest what I's tellin' yo'," he thundered. "De Lawd closes dis yere place right yere forever. De leopard hain't changed his spots. He jest move hisself over and take his spots along. I's gone over to de camp of God Almighty, spots and all. I hand yo' no lemon. I's handin' yo' somethin' powerful sweet."

HE DROPPED his ax with a thump and leaned out over it.

"Listen yere, yo' niggers! Low down, lousy, mean as de meanest of yo' is, yo' has in yo' away down where yo' forget all about it—yo' got a sweet place. Listen yere! Bring it up like de cow do her cud. It tastes good. I has my mouth full now and de more yo' tastes de faster it comes. Look har, Jim Slocum—I see yo'! None of dat! Dat liver half-moon lip o' yourn hangin' down like de handle of a crutch showin' yo' underteeth. Don't go contemplatin' no rough-housin'! Yo' knows me! I's goin' down to de meetin' to take my stand and yo' all got to go 'long and hear yo'selves whizzin' down de gilded chute.

"Looka yere!" he roared in an oratorical ebullition, rising on his toes and falling on his heels with a jar. "Listen yere!" Then he dropped his voice to an awful whisper. He crouched and shook his ax around at them in direst warning. He blinked his eyes rapidly and, raising his apron lids as far as possible, did his best to converse with the supernatural; and succeeded. "Dar ain't a nigger yere but what's a born, bone believer in de 'Fluences. Yo's afraid of ghosts. Yo's afraid of de evil eye. Yo's afraid of de Bad Man. Yo' everyone knows dar's somethin' runnin' things higher up. Yo's afraid of it!"

He distorted his face into an appalling expression and, crouching down lower yet, slowly swung the whites of rolled-up eyes around upon them. "It's yere. De room's chuck full with it. It's outside guardin' de house. It's got yo'. And it's God Almighty Hisself. Dar ain't no one can shake de p'session.

"Clear aside now!" he shouted with a sudden change of manner and an outburst of bustling zeal. "'Way from these tables! Back up again de walls, yo' black trash! Out de way of de Lawd!"

He poised his ax above his shoulder and took two ponderous, shoe-squeaking strides that brought him to one of the tables. His face was working, twitching, grinning, elongating; his black, satiny skin was trickling with perspiration; his great paddy fingers were opening and tightening upon the ax spasmodically. The dazed crowd jostled back and glared at him in consternation.

"Yo' miserable par'phanalya," he apostrophized in rumbling groans, "no second-hand dealer gets yo'. Yo' gets no chance to enter no good home, nohow, with yo' wood leprous with hell and damnation—nohow! Yo's soaked with blood and po' women's heartaches, yo' is, and de rotten cusses and pus of de world. Yo's polished by de devil! Every sliver! Um—look alive! Yeow!"

With a howl he sent the ax above his head in a glittering scroll and literally split the table in two with his enormous strength. Cards and chips flew about. He kicked the chairs and splintered fragments aside and strode to the next. Down it went to destruction. He seemed to have forgotten the uneasy crowd. They began interweaving in furtive skips and glides. They coughed out half intelligible gobblings of warning and displayed every symptom of coming panic and stampede.

"What I tell yo'?" he roared, whirling upon them. "Stand still. I'll not harm a hair of yo' heads. I's no crazy man. But yo's goin' to de meetin' with me as witnesses dat dis nigger's runnin' no bluff with Jesus Christ."

"Look har, 'Rastus Smiff," growled Jim Slocum with a sullen, seditious swagger of head, "I ain't goin' to no meetin'."

Three incensed strides brought Saleratus's face an inch from the insurgent's. He was a slouchy, flat-footed, pop-eyed, cinnamon rounder—a bad nigger who always looked bad, felt bad, and acted bad and gloried in his badness.

"Yo' ain't, is yo'?" snarled Saleratus, his voice low and hoarse with tensity of wrath. "Take dis ax! Dat's right! Now go over dar and cut de linin's out dat table. G'wan whare I'm tellin' yo'!"

Jim Slocum believed himself a bad nigger, but he considered Saleratus a vastly badder one. He shuffled doggedly over to the table indicated, while Saleratus hurried to a small show case and brought forth three boxes of his best cigars.

"First help yo'selves, gentlemun," was his hearty invitation as he started the boxes around. "I takes it yo's is still my friends, fellas, and all I's askin' is yo' march down and listen just once to de inside ripped outwards. Is I askin' too much of old friends?"

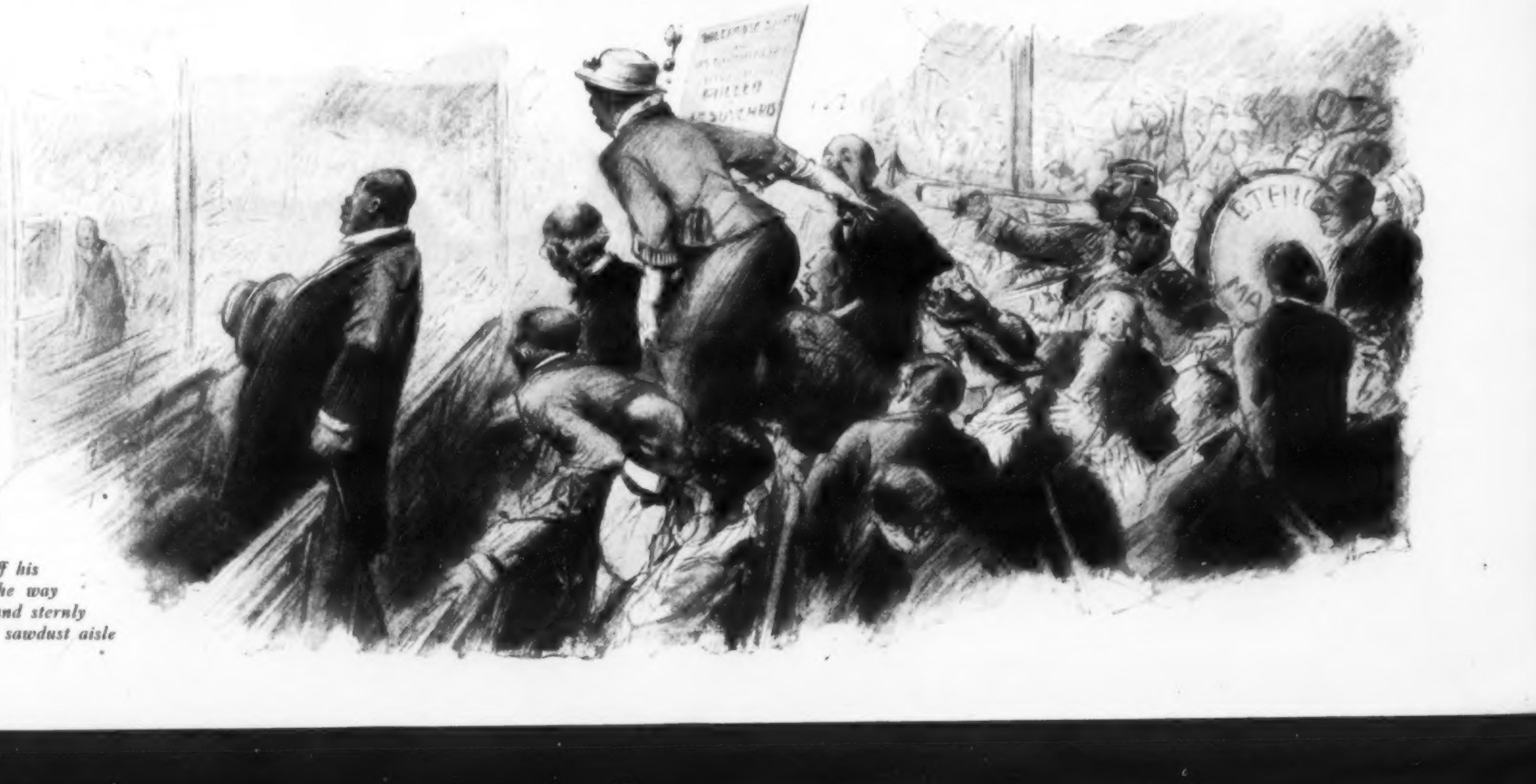
He smiled benignly upon them. He had one of the most winning smiles when he flung his soul into it that ever kneaded a colored man's face.

"Yo' shooly is *not!*" was the composite exclamation that came from the mollified fraternity as they lit up, scraped, smirked, and walled their eyes about over their pompous puffing.

"Yo' all lit up? Go into de kindlin' business, James, praise de Lawd!"

James tongued his cigar and obeyed. Then Saleratus relieved him and demolished the half dozen remaining tables, his deep, sonorous voice spurting into shouts and dying into half whispers as he chanted forth his religious emotions to the rhythm of the blows. The spectators eddied and scuffled around the room with him, clucking, laughing, buzzing; here one, here another bursting out with some encouraging excess of sympathy. And as the tables crashed down, the power of suggestion and the semibarbaric monody of the giant fused all minds in the heat of one idea, and turned all nerves to the vibrations of his ecstasy.

Amid the increasing excitement Saleratus smashed every gambling device in the place; and when he backed against a green panel and stretched his arms out over the human riffraff, invoking silence, he extended them over an inanimate one that was an acceptable attestation of his sincerity. (*Continued on page 31*)



He whipped off his hat and led the way unflinchingly and sternly down the long sawdust aisle

ON THE BELGIAN BREAD LINE

BY FREDERICK PALMER

DECORATIONS BY HERBERT PAUS

"ONCE more!" said Harvard, 1914, as our car stopped at the Belgo-Dutch frontier on the Rosendaal-Antwerp road. One of the conquerors, the sentry representing the majesty of German authority in Belgium, examined the pass. The conqueror was a good deal larger around the middle than when he was young, but not so large as when he went to war. He had a scarf around his ears under a cracked old patent-leather helmet which the Saxon Landsturm must have taken out of their garrets when the Kaiser sent the old fellows to keep the Belgians in order so that the young men could be spared to get rheumatism in the trenches if they escaped death. You could see that the conqueror missed his wife's cooking and Sunday afternoon in the beer garden with his family. However much he loved the Kaiser, I'll warrant that he loved home more.

His nod admitted us into German-ruled Belgium. He looked so lonely that as our car started I tossed him a smile. Surprise broke on his face. Somebody not a German in uniform had actually smiled at him in Belgium. My last glimpse of him was of a grin spreading under the scarf over his ears.

"And again!" said Harvard, 1914, as we came to another sentry. There was good reason why Harvard had his pass in a leather-bound case under a celluloid face. Otherwise, it would have soon been worn out in showing.

If your *Passierschein* is not right, you may survive the first set of sentries and even the second, but the third, and if not the third, some succeeding one of the dozens on the way to Brussels will hale you before a *Kommandantur*. Then you are in trouble. It is even harder to get out of Belgium than to get in these days; for it is in leaving and not in entering that you may carry German military secrets.

In traveling about Europe I have become so used to getting passes that when I return to New York I shall not think of going to Hoboken without the German consul's visé or of dining at a French restaurant without the French consul's. Belgium is webbed with these old Landsturm guards. Anybody who can get past them without a *Passierschein* ought to be able to pick the pocket of a chief of detectives.

"Naturally!" said Harvard, 1914, when the car broke a spring halfway to Antwerp.

While Oxford and Cambridge men are dispatch riders at the British front, Harvard, 1914, is a dispatch rider for the American Relief Commission in Belgium. He is helping to keep Belgium from starving. That is a delicate business, requiring the strictest neutrality. He was warned not to talk, and he does not. All he does is to show his pass. He can be silent in three languages. The only time I got anything like partisanship out of him and two sentences in succession was when I mentioned the Harvard-Yale football game.

"My! Wasn't that a smear! In their new stadium, too! Oh, my! Wish I had been there!"

While he and the Belgian chauffeur, with the help of a Belgian farmer, were patching up the broken spring, I had a look at the farm. The winter crops were in; the cabbages and Brussels sprouts in the garden were untouched. It happened that the scorching finger of war's destruction had not touched this little property. In the yard the wife was doing the week's washing, her hands in hot water and her arms exposed to weather so cold that I felt none too warm in a heavy overcoat. At first sight she gave me a frown, which instantly dissipated into a smile when she saw that I was not German.

The Fire of Hate

IF NOT German, I must be a friend. Yet if I were, I would not dare talk—not with German sentries all about. She lifted her hand from the suds and swung it out to the west toward England and France with an eager, craving fire in her eyes, and then she swept it across in front of her as if she were sweeping a spider off a table. When it stopped at arm's length there was the triumph of hate in her eyes. I thought of the lid of a cauldron raised to let out a burst of steam as she asked: "When?" When? When would the Allies come and turn the Germans out?

She was a kind, hard-working woman, who would help any passing stranger in trouble the best she knew how. Probably that Saxon whose smile spread under his scarf had much the same kind of wife. Yet I knew that if the Allies' guns were heard driving the Germans past her house and her husband had a rifle, he would put a shot in that Saxon's back and she would pour boiling water on his head. Then, if the Germans had time, they would burn that farmhouse and kill the husband who had shot one of their comrades.

A House with Sealed Doors

I RECOLLECT a youth who had been in a railroad accident saying: "That was the first time I had ever seen death; the first time I realized what death was." Exactly. You don't know death till you have seen it; you don't know invasion till you have felt it. However wise, however able the conquerors, life under them is a living death. True, the farmer's property was untouched. But his liberty was gone. If you, a well-behaved citizen, have ever been arrested and marched through the streets of your home town by a cop, how did you like it? Give the cop a rifle and a fixed bayonet and full cartridge boxes and transform him into a foreigner and the experience would not be any more pleasant.

The scorching finger of war's destruction had not touched this little property. The wife was doing the week's washing, her arms exposed to weather so cold that I felt none too warm in a heavy overcoat

That farmer cannot go to the next town without the permission of the sentries. He cannot even mail a letter to his son who is in the trenches with the Allies. The Germans have taken his horse: theirs the power to take anything he has if they choose—the power of the bayonet.

If he wants to send his produce to a foreign market, if he wants to buy food in a foreign market, the British naval blockade closes the sea to him. He sits on a chair with steel spikes, hands tied and mouth gagged, while his mind seethes, solacing its hate with hope through the long winter months. If you lived in Kansas and could not get your wheat to Chicago or any groceries or newspapers from the nearest town, or learn whether your son in Wyoming was alive or dead, or whether the man who owns your mortgage in New York had foreclosed or not—well, that's enough without the German sentry. Only instead of groceries from Chicago, the thing you need past that blockade is bread to keep you from starving.

Many "sob stories" have come out of Belgium, but this is not one. I saw no one sobbing there; only grim stubbornness, endurance, and suffering. Belgium has been the paradise of purple patch painters in rhetoric. But I could think only of simple words like food, life, death, hate, love, and sacrifice. Belgium is a house with sealed doors, where a family of seven millions sits in idleness and silence around a cheerless hearth, thinking: thinking of nothing but war and feeling nothing but war. America opened a window and slipped a loaf of bread into the empty larder. Those Belgian soldiers whom I had seen at Dixmude, wounded, exhausted, mud-caked, shivering, were happy beside the people waiting at home. They were in the fight.

It is not the destruction of towns and houses which impresses you most, but the misery expressed by that peasant woman over her washtub. A writer can make a lot of the burst of a single shell; a photographer photographing the ruins of a block of buildings or a church makes it appear that all blocks and all churches are in ruins. Running through Antwerp in a car, one saw no signs of ruins of the bombardment. You will see those if you are specially conducted. The shops were open; the people were moving about in the streets, which were well lighted as usual. But at intervals marched the German patrols.

When our car stopped before a restaurant a knot gathered around us. Their faces were like all the other faces I saw in Belgium—unless German—with that sad, restrained, drawn look of passive resistance. When? When were the Allies coming? Their eyes asked the question which their tongues dared not.

The Dueling Ground

INSIDE the restaurant a score of German officers served by Belgian waiters were dining. Who were our little party? What were we doing there and speaking English—English, the hateful language of the hated enemy? Oh, yes! We were Americans connected with the relief work. But between the officers' stares at the sound of English and the appealing inquiry of the faces in the street lay an abyss of war's fierce suspicion and national policies and racial enmity which America had to bridge in order to do her great work.

Before we could help Belgium, England, blockading Germany to keep her from getting foodstuffs, had to consent. She would consent only if none of the food reached a German mouth. Germany had to agree not to requisition any of the food. Some one not German and not British must see to its distribution. Those rigid German military authorities, meaning to beat back Kitchener's army when it strikes in the spring, holding fast to the secrets of how they are to do it, must consent to scores of foreigners moving about Belgium and sending their messages across that Belgo-Dutch frontier closed to all messages. This required men whom both the German and the British duelists would trust to succor the

human beings crouched and helpless under the circling flashes of their steel.

Our Minister to Belgium happened to be Brand Whitlock. It was one of the best happenings in Mr. Bryan's diplomatic service. Now, Whitlock is no Talleyrand or Metternich. If he were, the Belgians would not be fed. He would be suspected of being too much of a diplomatist. When a German, or an Englishman, or a Hottentot, or any other kind of a human being gets to know Whitlock he recognizes that here is an honest man with a big heart.

And another happening was his secretary of legation, Hugh Gibson, one of those young men grounded in the languages and international law whom Secretary Root took into the service some years ago. Gibson can think quickly and think right in several languages and smile all the while. It was good to return to Belgium and find that very American Legation flourishing just as it was when I said good-by in August, the day before the Germans came.

When leading Belgians came to Whitlock and said that winter would find Belgium without bread, he turned from the land that has the least food to his own, which has the most. For Belgium is a great shop and a great garden. Its towns are so close together that they seem only the suburbs of Brussels and Antwerp. It has the densest population in Europe. It raises only enough food to last it for two months of the year. The food for the other ten months Belgium buys from us with the products of her factories. This year Belgium could not send out its products; this year we were to help feed Belgium without pay. But how? How get the food past the British navy and the German army? How organize the great work of relief?

In London was an American, H. C. Hoover, a celebrated mining engineer. When American tourists were stranded all over Europe with letters of credit which could not be cashed, their route homeward must lie through London. They must have funds; they must have steamer passage. Hoover took charge. It is a habit of his to take charge of things. He did this work so well that he was evidently the man to look after the feeding of Belgium. There had been no time to lose in getting the refugees home; there was no time to spare in the new task. Hoover is one of those round-headed Americans born for action, who says "You do this" and "You do that," and organization springs full-fledged out of chaos.

When Harvard, 1914, who had been tried out in the American refugee business, appeared in Hoover's office to volunteer for the front in the new campaign, Hoover greeted him with:

"You are going to Rotterdam to-night."

"So I am!" said Harvard, 1914, and started for Rotterdam.

All the disciplined armies in the world are not in uniform. Americans have a gift of making a pretty good army of succor in a hurry, if not one for killing. America giving as only America can, ships laden with food steaming to Rotterdam—this was a matter of ready organization. But how get the bread to the hungry mouths when the Germans were using all the Belgian railroads for military purposes? Germany was not going to let a carload of wheat keep a carload of soldiers from reaching the front, or let any food for Belgians keep her men in the trenches from getting theirs regularly.

It Is "Soom Expeerience"

HORSE and cart transport would be cumbersome, and the Germans would not allow Belgian teamsters to move about with such freedom. As likely as not they might be spies.

Anybody who can walk or ride may be a spy. Therefore, the way to stop spying is not to let anyone walk or ride. Besides, Germany had requisitioned most of the horses that could do more than draw an empty phaeton on a level. But she had not drawn the water out of the canals; though the Belgians, always whispering jokes at the expense of the conquerors, said the canals might have been emptied if their contents had been beer.

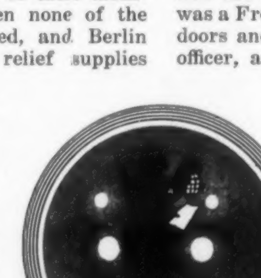
There were plenty of idle canal boats in Holland, whose canals connect with the web of canals in Belgium. You had only to seal the cargoes against requisition, the seal to be broken only by a representative of the Relief Commission, and start them to their destinations. And how make sure that only those who had money in Belgium to pay should pay for their bread, while all who had not should be reached? From America came Dr. Rose and Henry James, Jr., of the Rockefeller Foundation, which has given about $1,000,000 to the cause, and Mr. Bicknell, of the Red Cross, to offer their expert advice.

They soon found how simple was that problem of distribution compared to the San Francisco earthquake and fire. The people to be relieved were in their homes. Belgium is so old a country, its population so dense, and it is so much like one big workshop that the Government must keep a complete set of books. Every Belgian is registered and docketed. You know just how he makes his living and where he lives. Upon marriage a Belgian gets a little book, giving his name and his wife's, their ages, their occupations, and address. As children are born their names are added. A Belgian holds as fast to this book as a woman to a piece of jewelry that is an heirloom.

With each serving of soup went a loaf of the American brown bread. The faces in the line were not those of people starving — not yet

With few exceptions, Belgian local officials had not fled the country. They realized that this was a time when they were particularly needed on the job to protect their people from the German exactions and from their own rashness. There were also any number of volunteers to assist. The thing was to get the food to them and let them organize local distribution.

A small force of Americans was required to oversee the transit. They must both watch that the Germans did not take any of the food and retain German confidence in the absolute good faith of their intentions. And the Germans have taken none of the food, orders from Berlin are obeyed, and Berlin knows that any requisitioning of relief supplies means that the Relief Commission would cease work and announce to the world the reason. However many times the young Americans are arrested, they must be patient. That exception, who said when he was put in a cell overnight because he entered the military zone by mistake that he would not have been treated that way in England, needed a little more coaching in neutrality.



Volunteers were found mostly among the American Rhodes scholars at Oxford, and in other Americans who could leave their work to assist. They get their expenses, but the rest of their reward is experience; and it is "soom expeerience," as a Belgian said who was learning a little American slang. These young men talk about canal-boat cargoes as if they had been running from Buffalo to Albany on the Erie Canal for years; they speak of "my province" and compare bread lines and the efficiency of local officials. I rode all day with a pair of them without finding out—and I tried for the fun of it to find out—whether they were pro-Ally or pro-German. As for Harvard, 1914, I never even got an admission from him that he knew there was any war. Hang a passport carrier around the Sphinx's neck and you have him done in stone.

Fancy any Belgian trying to get him to carry a contraband letter, or any German commander trying to work him for a few sacks of flour! A battalion of spies and sixteen field marshals, a Bundesrath and a Reichstag, too, would never get his goat. When I asked him what career he had chosen he said "Business!" without any waste of words or an adjective. I think that he will do some. If he and Joffre and Von Hindenburg met, they could have a prolix conversational evening with a word supply of a dozen monosyllables.

It is he and all these young Americans—as distinctive of America in manner, looks, and thought as a Frenchman is of France or a German of Germany—who have carried the torch of Peace's kindly work into war-ridden Belgium. They make you want to tickle the eagle on the throat so he will let out a gentle, well-modulated scream which, of course, will be strictly in keeping with neutrality.

"Again!" said Harvard, 1914, as the car stopped in the outskirts as we were leaving Antwerp before another Saxon who had a red lantern instead of a red flag. And again and again till the lights of Brussels sparkled before us—watching, watching day and night, the disciplined pawns of the fine-drawn, bayonet-studded net of German military authority watching every human being in all Belgium. How would you like to be watched in that way and have to take your turn in the bread line?

"The last time I saw that statue of Liege," I remarked, peering into the darkness as we rode into the city, "the Legion of Honor conferred by France on Liege for its brave defense was hung on its breast, I suppose that is gone now."

"I guess yes," said Harvard, 1914.

The hotel office in Brussels that night seemed about the same that it was when I left it after having been at the Belgian front before the city's fall. English railway signs on the wall were undisturbed.

More ancient relic still seemed the board with its "seven" passages a day to England, traversing the Channel in "fifty-five minutes via Calais" and in "three hours via Ostend," with the space blank where the state of the weather, wired from the coast, had been chalked up each morning.

My guidebook, quite the latest edition, said that "passports were not required in Belgium." Since that was published much water and much blood had passed the remains of the bridges over the rivers Meuse and Aisne.

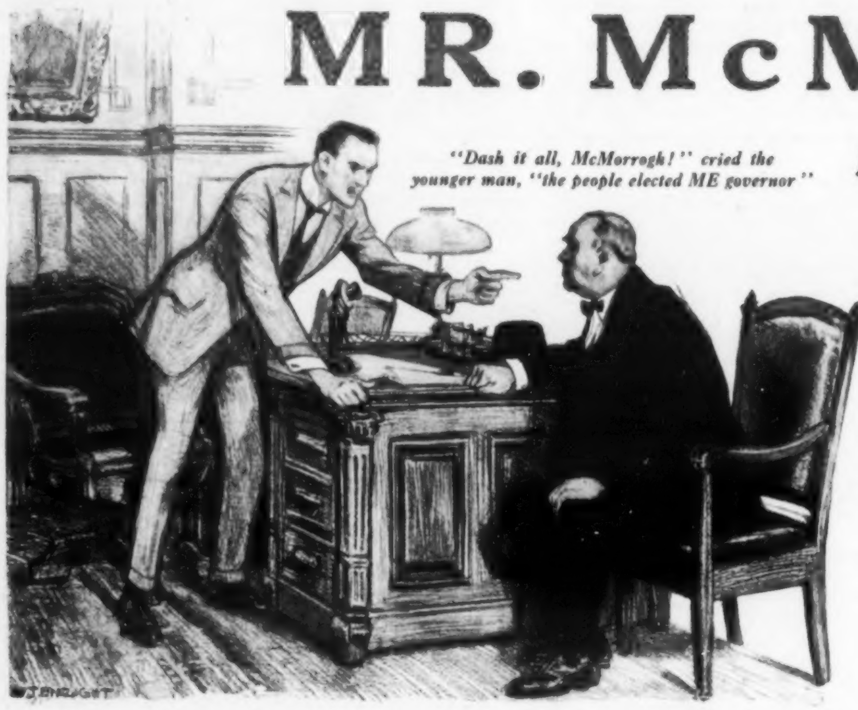
The hotel attendants were the same, but they seemed to have grown old; their attentiveness to have become that of automatons.

But Conquerors Must Eat

A STORY is told of how that hotel had filled with officers after the arrival of the Germanic flood and how one day, when it was learned that the proprietor was a Frenchman, guards were suddenly placed at the doors and the hall was filled with baggage as every officer, acting with characteristic official solidarity, vacated his room and bestowed his presence elsewhere. Then the proprietor was informed that his guests would return if he would agree to employ German help and buy his supplies from Germany. He refused, for practical as well as sentimental reasons. If he had consented, think what the Belgians would have done to him after the Germans were gone. However, officers were gradually returning, for this was the best hotel in town, and even conquerors are human, and German conquerors have particularly human stomachs.

From the bill of fare in the restaurant one might get the idea that all this talk about starving Belgium was nonsense. There was not much difference from August except that the bread was the Relief Commission's brown, which has 30 per cent more nourishment than the white. The restaurant still had its excellent cooks. War had not robbed them of their art. You (*Continued on page 23*)

MR. McMORROGH



"Dash it all, McMorrogh!" cried the younger man, "the people elected ME governor"

BY CHARLES JOHNSTON

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER J. ENRIGHT

"A BIG victory, Governor! It's a new lease of life for us! Not one of the boys but done his best!" McMorrogh watched the Governor's face keenly. "An' now the boys have elected ye, what are ye goin' to do for the boys? . . . I've jotted down a few suggestions—"

"Mr. McMorrogh!"—the face of the Governor-elect was white, he spoke with visible strain—"we may as well have it now as later! . . . You may take it that I make these appointments myself—from the First Commissioner down to the office boys! Do you get me—"

The boss's red face grew redder. The veins on his bull neck swelled. His eyes, slightly bloodshot, blinked rapidly. After a moment he said: "Sure, you make the appointments! . . . I'm only recommendin' the best men—the men that done the most for us—"

"Dash it all, McMorrogh!" cried the younger man, starting explosively to his feet, "the people elected me Governor, and I'm going to be Governor! I'm blanked if I'll be dictated to—by you or any man—"

The boss reacted sharply. He also rose, his half-closed eyes flashing and his lips pressed close together. Then he smiled, kindly enough, and laid a big hand on the Governor's shoulder.

"Say, Jimmie! . . . What's all this, anyway? . . . What ye handin' out? . . . Me an' you's worked together, how long? All of twenty years, I guess! Jimmie! . . . Who picked ye up when ye was a kid? Who put ye to night school? Who made a man o' ye? Who sent ye to the Assembly? Who showed ye the way to Washington? . . . Eh, Jimmie boy?" . . .

The younger man pulled away savagely.

"Jimmie!" . . . McMorrogh went on, "didn't I always do the best I could by ye? . . . Why? . . . What I ever git out of it? . . . You know! Nothin'! . . . But I done it. . . . Why? . . . I liked ye! That was why! . . . From the first minit I saw ye, a ragged little shaver wid a bundle o' papers runnin' from a cop, I took a shine to ye. . . . A thunderstorm was just comin' on—'member that, Jimmie? . . . A little shaver wid a torn shirt"—McMorrogh patted the other's broadcloth sleeve. "Ye've done well for yourself, Jimmie! . . . an' I've done well for ye—"

McMorrogh stopped. Keenly watching the tense lips and white, hardening face of the younger man, he saw the game was up. He pulled a gold hunter watch from his pocket, snapped it open, snapped it shut again, and said brusquely: "Well, guess I better make the ten-forty! Just got nine minutes! . . . Good day, *Mister* Warner!—"

THE Governor-elect was sitting now, his head resting on one hand, while the other hand sketched imaginary designs on the blotting paper.

"McMorrogh!" he said hoarsely, "try to see this thing from my side—"

"Oh, I see it, Mr. Warner! I see it all right!" said the boss with rough magnanimity; "you're not the first man that has took a wife"—("a wife above him," he had meant to say, but checked himself)—"an' she has parted him from his friends! . . . I understand, Mr. Warner! . . . An', believe me, I'm sorry. . . . Well, got to make that train! . . . So long!"

The boss made his way rapidly to the depot, got aboard, and found his chair number in the parlor car. Squaring his back into the cushion as the train began to move, he pulled from his breast pocket the list he had meant to give the Governor, the list of "good" men who had earned their reward.

The boss sat with the list in his hands, gazing, unseeing, straight before him as the train rushed forward and the fan droned. Two minutes, five, ten, he sat motionless, his eyes far away. Then he pulled himself together, rose with a vigorous movement of the shoulders, went forward to the smoker, bought a paper, seated himself in one of the wicker chairs, and lit a cigar. But for him the smoker was empty.

He puffed his cigar and his eyes moved idly along the headlines. Suddenly they stopped and came sharply to focus, and he sucked a breath in between his teeth. He had caught sight of this: "DOWN WITH THE BOSS! REFORMERS GET TOGETHER! McMORROGH MUST GO!" And then the details of a clever plan to scrap the machine and build a new one. And among the names of the "reformers" the very men on the list in his pocket. . . .

"The blazes!" the boss muttered between his teeth; "out to knife me, an' me tryin' to land them jobs! . . . What do ye know about that? . . . The dirty dogs! . . . Maybe it's all a lie! . . ."

But as he read on, the reality of the scheme and the weight of the forces against him compelled conviction. Then a thought flashed through his mind: "Is Jimmie in this, I wonder? . . . Maybe it's this, an' not the wife?—" Then his wrath blazed out: "Ye're a lot o' sneakin' thieves! An' there's but the one thing to do wi' ye—an' that's to beat ye to it—an', by thunder, I will!"

McMorrogh pondered, his lips pressed, his eyes intent, for a minute, five minutes, ten minutes. . . . The cigar went out.

Then with a jerk he turned to the last page of the paper and ran his finger down the Travel column. Then he went to the corridor and got some telegraph forms and the Railroad Guide. He sat down again, turned over the pages, looked carefully along the columns of a table, underscored an entry, and looked again at the steamship notices.

"We can make it. That's all right—"

Then he relit his cigar and began to smoke slowly, the muscles in his cheeks working themselves into knots. He was planning the details of the battle.

They thundered and rumbled into the station. The boss hurried past the panting engine to the waiting room and the telegraph counter and sent off his wires. Then he bought tickets and got the drawing room on the Coast Limited, and put the little envelope into his waistcoat pocket. . . . That afternoon the boss held a reception. In the sanctum, thick with tobacco smoke, he sat serene, a box of excellent Havanas on the desk before him.

"Call in George Henney, Clancy!" and he spat out the flakes of his cigar; "I want to talk to him private!"

The door closed noiselessly after the red-headed secretary and quickly opened again.

"Come in, Henney! Come in!" McMorrogh cried in his strong, cordial voice, and grasping George Henney's hand, he pulled him down into a comfortable chair close to his own.

"I'm safe back, ye see, George!" and he smiled warmly at his visitor. "Take a cigar! Take two—three! Put 'em in yer pocket, man!"

The boss's face was genial and humorous. George Henney puffed nervously in lantern-jawed silence, waiting for the cat to jump.

But the boss did not hurry.

"George!" he said reflectively, leaning back in his swivel chair and puffing out pale-blue smoke rings; not a nervous twitch, no tapping of his toe or drumming of his fingers, not a quiver in his strong voice, "I've been in the game—five an' twenty years!—"

"M'hm!" grunted Henney, puffing nervously.

"Ye're burnin' yer cigar, man!" remonstrated the boss, keenly watching him. "Ye're smokin' too fast!"

GEORGE HENNEY wet his finger and rubbed it along the cigar, trying desperately to hide his nervousness. He did smoke more slowly, but he began to beat a tattoo on the desk with his fingers. The boss, noticing it, smiled, leaned forward, picked up a paper weight, put it down within the other's reach, and then leaned back again in his chair and blew more pale-blue smoke rings in the air.

"Been in the game five an' twenty years!" he repeated contemplatively, "an' never in all them years done as good a day's work as I'll have done to-day—when I'm through with it!"

George Henney shoved his chair back, got up, sat down again, grabbed the paper weight, and began to grind it into the desk. The boss watched him with a smile of keen irony on his lips, but said nothing and continued to blow smoke rings.

"Did ye see him?" Henney burst out.

"See him?" echoed the boss. "Sure, I saw him! Great old time—heart-to-heart talk—old memories and all that! . . . Same good old Jimmie Warner, from the word 'Go.'"

George Henney panted a sigh of relief. But his suspense was still nerve-racking. He ground the paper weight into the wood of the desk.

"Heart-to-heart talk!" McMorrogh repeated. "Jimmie said I could have just what I wanted. . . . Left it all to me—from them commissionships down to the office boys!—them's his own words. Talked about the time I saved him from the cop—an' all I've done for 'im since, year in, year out. . . . 'Ye can have just what ye want!' . . . So if anybody needs anythin'—he'd best see me!" and the boss critically eyed his cigar.

George Henney sniffed nervously, dug the cornen of the glass paper weight into the corner of his hand, and then

"I've been noticin', Peggy, that ye're all tuckered out! Saw it a week ago! Peggy, ye need a holiday!"

began to drum with his fingers on the desk, but did not speak.

"Oh, by the bye, George!—" and the boss sat up straight, as if he had just remembered something—"how are ye off for the ready? . . . Got yer roll along? . . . I happen to need a thousand jus' now—or two—or three—call it five thousand—an' I'm lookin' for some good friend that'll let me have it! . . . An' mind, George," the boss went on impressively, "this ain't got nothin' in the world to do with that Third Commissionership! Not a thing! Just a personal matter between friends! People's gettin' that nasty these days that when ye get yer appointment they may say things about me!"

It was finer sarcasm than Henney knew. But he got the boss's point in the way the boss desired; he pulled out a roll, glanced furtively at McMorrogh, slipped off the rubber band, and, holding the roll beneath the edge of the table, began to peel off hundred-dollar bills, wetting his thumb and counting with his lips. Mr. McMorrogh's eyes slightly closed and he flicked the ash from his cigar. "Hines told me it would be worth six to him!" was all he said.

A few seconds more and he was pushing a wad of clean yellow-backs into a stout pocketbook. Another moment and George Henney was closing the door after him, muttering: "He'll blast that fellow Hines!"

The boss pulled out his gold hunter watch as the door closed and snapped the case open.

"Three o'clock—ten—plenty time!" he said to himself. Then he took up a list of names, hummed over it, chewing the end of his cigar, ticked off two names on the paper and laid it face downward on his desk. Then, settling himself back in his chair, he began to smoke slowly, leisurely, meditatively. He was allowing time for rumors of the Governor-elect's supposed attitude and words to trickle out through George Henney. Rumors did so trickle, and oozed about the corridors and anterooms, with the result that the "reform" movement notably waned.

IN TEN minutes or so the boss's big hand came down on the bell, and he reached for a new cigar. The red-headed secretary came into the room.

"Johnny Marshall there?"

Clancy nodded. "Send him in!"

The secretary drew the door to after him. A moment later it flew open again and a big, bellowing voice came booming into the room. "Hell-o! Hell-o, Mr. McMorrogh! Glad to see ye! Glad to see ye! Glad to see ye! How's the boy? How's the boy?"

Johnny Marshall was as big as his voice, wide-waisted, florid, gorgeous in a big flapping frock coat and a broad-brimmed wide-awake.

"Put 'er there, Mr. McMorrogh! Put 'er there! . . . How goes it this fine afternoon?"

"Fine, John, fine! Have a cigar?" heartily rejoined the boss as they settled into their chairs.

"No, no, no, no, no!" Johnny Marshall pushed the cigar box away. "Have one o' mine! Have one o' mine!" he bellowed and boomed, crowding a fat case of huge anniversary smokes on the boss.

McMorrogh picked one, peeled the gold leaf off carefully with his thumb nail, bit the end and began to smoke. He did not watch Johnny Marshall as he had watched George Henney. Seemingly, he was completely off his guard. "Sort o' weddin'-celebration smoke, eh, John?" he said cheerily.

"Weddin' celebration? Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha!" bellowed the big man. "That reminds me of a good one—"

He proceeded to tell it. In strength it matched the cigar. The boss appreciatively grinned.

"That didn't happen in Boston, John!" he said.

"Boston? Boston? No, no, no!" rumbled Johnny Marshall, and began to roar with laughter. Boston reminded him of another, equally well salted, which he imparted with tempestuous mirth.

The thunderstorm of hilarity continued a good half hour. The boss never turned a hair or showed the slightest sign of impatience, but continued tranquilly smoking the other's cigars.

Finally Johnny Marshall's stock of good ones ran low. The room was wreathed with smoke.

From the midst of the cloud came the boss's voice, firm and cool:

"Any notion why I sent for ye, John?"

"Can't think, Mr. McMorrogh, can't think! can't think!" the big voice still rumbled, but with the discreet rumble of a muffled drum. "No notion at all—without it might be about that roadbed contract—"

"Good guesser, John! That's the very thing."

Johnny Marshall just glanced at the boss from under his bushy brows.

"Well—" he rumbled in the same muffled tone.

"Talked it out with Jimmie!" the boss went on, his eyes fixed on the ash of his big cigar, held up admiringly in his steady hand.

"Yeh?" queried the big man.

"It goes through all right!" the boss added.

"Good work! Good work! Good work!" rumbled Johnny Marshall, his red face redder with satisfaction.

"The length an' breadth of that contract—" continued the boss in the same incisive tone, "will be—five—million—dollars—"

"All o' that! All o' that! All o' that!" the big man boomed.

"Ten per cent for me!" quietly continued McMorrogh. "Fifty thousand down!"

"What! Ye're crazy, man! Crazy! Crazy! Crazy!" thundered Johnny Marshall—but it was low thunder that did not carry beyond the door.

THE boss made no reply. He reached forward to a telephone-address tablet, turned two or three leaves, found a number, caught up the desk phone and held it to his lips:

"Hello, Central—" and a number.

Big Johnny Marshall made no pretense of respect for privacy.

"Whose number's that, McMorrogh?" he growled.

"Grey & Field!" the boss answered abruptly. "I'm callin' Grey down here about this roadbed deal!"

Johnny Marshall was a "practical" man. He reached forward, caught the phone, jerked it from the boss's hand, brought the mouthpiece up to his own big, florid face and boomed:

"That's all right, Central! All right! All right! Don't need that number after all!" and, hanging up the receiver, he laughed uproariously.

The boss picked up his cigar and began to puff slowly, but said nothing.

The big man bellowed again: "Great joke! Great joke! Great joke!" Then he said ironically: "Ye think I carry the bank about with me, don't ye?"

"No, John," the boss said coolly; "I don't. I know it!"

"Well, well, well, McMorrogh! How about twenty thousand on account? . . . Oh, all right!" he hastily added as the boss reached toward the phone. "Was only jokin'! Only jokin'! Fifty it is! Fifty it is! An' the rest when I get paid—"

"Yes, John! The rest when ye get paid!"

When the boss had once more stowed away his fattening pocketbook, big Johnny Marshall rose to go, the broad-brimmed wide-awake tilted back from his big, florid face. (*Continued on page 28*)

ATLANTIC CITY

SEEING AMERICA AT LAST—BY HARRISON RHODES

WE ALL like to pretend that when we leave home for a holiday we seek distinction and quiet, that when we are not engaged in pleasant intercourse with the very best people we commune with the most high-class works of nature or turn the pages of the very best books. But as a matter of fact most of us are on such occasions out for honest vulgarity and crowds. This is why it is at once so extremely difficult to find anyone who will admit that he likes Atlantic City and equally difficult to discover anyone who has not been there and enjoyed it thoroughly. Atlantic City is one of the most amazing facts in America. It is America in little; unless indeed you prefer to say that America is merely a little Atlantic City. So monstrous is the assemblage of hotels and boarding houses and cottages, so fabulous the length of the Board Walk, so incredible the numbers of the ceaseless crowds which frequent it, that the latter phrase seems scarcely an exaggeration. When Atlantic City is full, it is hard to believe that there can be anyone anywhere else in the world. It is so large you do not feel that it was built by the sea, but rather that the sea has been carefully placed in front of it. If Yankee Doodle on that legendary trip had gone to Atlantic City, he would assuredly have said he "could not see the town—there were so many houses." Only those whose bedroom is on the hotel top floor or whose legs are strong enough to carry them to the lantern of Absecon Lighthouse can see the conformation of the long, narrow strip of sands facing south and lying off the coast beyond great lagoons and salt marshes which tempted the founders to build a great town so far out at sea, or can, above the roofs, catch sight of copper-red sunsets in a lonely west of winding grassy salt rivers and realize how lovely in those early days of Atlantic City must have been nature unimproved.

But nature improved, and improved almost out of sight, is much more to the taste of Atlantic City patrons. It must be admitted that more often instead of a setting sun the visitor sees a beautiful full moon rising from the waves beyond an even more beautiful flashing sign advertising a chewing gum or a liver pill, and, if he is a real lover of the resort, thinks the celestial orb makes a poor showing in comparison with the Electric Supply Company. Atlantic City is no nature lovers' resort; indeed, it is the most passionate of national protests against that ancient fetish of "the country."

Those wheel chairs convey tough young vaudeville actors, gum-chewing girls, and respectable old people out for the magic of sunshine and salt

The Board Walk is as bare of green as Broadway. The golf links is as decently remote from it as the New York courses are from Longacre Square. The tennis courts have the air of being in West Forty-second Street, or some such metropolitan seclusion. The horse and pony riding takes place in the agreeable publicity of the sands, where the Board Walk furnishes an ample gallery for spectators. This publicity, with the opportunity of galloping beneath the piling of the great piers, though not precisely what Lord Byron sought upon the lonely Lido sands, is in fact more pleasing to those of us who value chiefly upon the Jersey shore the urban note.

The most rural thing in Atlantic City is something which Marie Antoinette would have loved for its preposterous artificiality, a small white Italian villa, surrounded by statuary, green lawns and hedges, prettily placed by the owner of a "million-dollar pier" halfway out this marine structure, so that the surges of the ocean may literally and absurdly break underneath the trim flower beds and neat gravel paths of his home. There are also in the windows of the curio shops miniature Japanese landscapes, and "water flowers" ingeniously and prettily put to grow upon glass cake dishes, but even these scarcely produce the illusion of the countryside. In fact Atlantic City is the city and rejoices in its shame. Its theatres are metropolitan in character and often ahead of those in the great cities in offering new attractions to their public. Indeed, Atlantic City has become of late that great traditional dog upon which plays are tried—New York's Broadway might well seem stale to the permanent inhabitant of the lesser metropolis.

Its moving-picture places are countless. Its vaudeville shows and Italian band concerts are borne aloft above the surf upon gigantic piers—you feel that it must be because the dry land has grown too congested with pleasure. "Cabaret" performances abound, and as for dancing, it is unquestionable that the square feet of floor per capita

is greater than anywhere else in the world. Where there is any vacant space roller skating goes on, or incubator babies are displayed, or soda-water fountains gush forth, or merry-go-rounds go round, or fortune tellers tell the future, or patient Armenians sell lace, or seals swim in a tank, or tango artists teach their lovely art, or osteopaths manipulate the spinal column.

Atlantic City is more royalist than the king, more "citified" even than the city. To take but one example, "auction sales," which are only an incident of life in great towns, become here an amusement for which you start forth to spend an afternoon or evening just as you might go to the play. The sales are recommended to visitors in the pamphlets advertising the resort as a recognized "attraction," and no one seems depressed at the interminable succession of bankruptcies which, theoretically at least, must feed these constant sales. The spectacle of a well-fed but reluctant husband being coaxed to bid upon Chinese embroidered doilies, or Parisian underwear, is worth going farther than Atlantic City to see. Shopping, even without the lure of bargains, is indeed one of the leading sports of the place, and the miles of shop windows are to many visitors the chief charm of the promenade. It is curious, and to the philosophical mind significant, that except when the spectacle of bathing calls the attention in that direction the characteristic Atlantic City attitude is with your back to the sea. There are thousands of miles of coast line from Maine to Florida from which you may observe the Atlantic, but only a scant ten or twelve from which you may look at Atlantic City. The wise visitor draws the logical conclusion from these facts and acts upon it.

Atlantic City, as has been proved, we hope, is not the country; but it is in spite of that very much the seaside. In summer, of course, the sea bathing is its one great fact; the hot and cold sea-water faucets in your hotel bathtub, though agreeably luxurious, never quite take the place of the social immersion in the surf. Not only the visitors at its thousand hotels but hordes of hot Philadelphians down for the day plunge into the waves. The scene is majestic, almost terrifying. The pen seems inadequate to describe, even to hint at it. What can one say? The sardine in his tin box with his fellows is a hermit compared with the August Atlantic City bather lying on the sands with his comrades.

The most that an optimist can say is that there is sometimes a little room in the sea if you can swim far enough out.

Indeed, the sea, the sea water and the sea air are Atlantic City's ever-present reason and excuse: they are the object of its constant worship. Even the piers (which in a way seem to try hard to pretend that they have nothing to do with the sea, but only with vaudeville and tango) are twice a day dedicated to "net hauls" of the "finny denizens of the deep"; and upon the beach each day real fishing boats are hauled up and real fish sold to little groups of wise and economical housewives. At the Inlet, where the yachts lie and their captains importune landlubbers to go forth on alleged pleasure sails, the atmosphere is most authentically nautical. From the altitude of the bedroom in the roof, earlier suggested, you see how from every side there must perpetually pour upon Atlantic City salt-tonic airs. You realize how, even in winter, the long rampart of hotels and moving-picture theatres and soda-water fountains and curio shops and tango studios protects the Board Walk from inclement northern winds and makes its sunlit planks a year-round pleasure promenade. You recognize that, though a metropolis, the place is essentially a health resort as well. Even when the Board Walk is most pervaded with tough young vaudeville actors and shrill-voiced, gum-chewing young girls the wheel chairs bear along their pleasant well-bred and respectable old people who have come for the healing magic of sunshine and salt breezes. Atlantic City is one of the few places in the world where you may still see old ladies wearing bon-

nets and old gentlemen wrapped in shawls—the contrast with the gum chewers is piquant.

The completeness of the Atlantic City arrangements for taking sun and air are remarkable. The hotels all try to provide "sun parlors" and verandas, terraces, or balconies, where, upon rocking-chairs, steamer chairs, and hooded wicker chairs the visitor may take the air cure. Even in midwinter in their sheltered sunny corners the devotee of the open may, by piling himself deep with rugs and cushions, stay all day outdoors. Atlantic City in its passion for fresh air rivals the most aggravated English seaside places. The "bath chair" of Brighton and Bournemouth, in which fat dowagers go forth, is, however, a poor old-fashioned vehicle compared with the rolling chair of Atlantic City, upon the broad seat of which even three well-fed New York brokers may sit abreast. The rolling chair sports a top for hot weather and in cold or rain is completely inclosed in glass and as snug as an eighteenth-century sedan chair. The bath chair is rather definitely the refuge of the decrepit; the rolling chair is, on the contrary, the favorite means of locomotion of the youngest and most vigorous. Walking is not bad form at Atlantic City, but rolling is, on the whole, better thought of. Even the most athletic soon lose the feeling of shame which at first seems to them to attach to such supine progress. No one takes cabs in Atlantic City, nor even motors, except to go to the railway station or the adjacent country. Your morning promenade, your afternoon lounge to the auction sale, your evening visit to the movies, all are accomplished in chairs. You are as much reduced to their employment as in Venice to the use of gondolas; there is a resemblance, not far fetched, between the two places, owing to the strange absence of ordinary traffic and the resulting predominance in the turmoil of the town of the sound of the human voice.

In even a cursory description like this of a city which deserves at least an epic—the fact is salient that it is always functioning day and night, winter and summer. It is just this magnificent invention of the all-year-round season which has enabled Atlantic City to build its hotels of brick and stone and to steam-heat them till the difference between the seasons is scarcely noticeable indoors (except that the winter temperature is perhaps more oppressively hot). A little while ago the orchestra at one of the Atlantic City theatres went on strike, demanding the guarantee of a forty weeks' season, which some union or other, with an executive committee in one of the great cities, felt to be essential. The strike seemed comic to us board walkers who knew that Atlantic City is the only place in the country where the theatres always have a fifty-two weeks' season!

It is the all-year-roundness which makes Atlantic City so complete a synopsis, as it were, of American life. It has the honor—and happiness—to be one of the great "convention centers" of the country. At any moment, for example, you may see on the Board Walk strange politicians wearing stranger tall silk hats which evidently have been preserved from year to year for use only on these occasions when the nation's future is discussed. As this article is being written the hotel corridors below seethe with the strange and piquant mixture of the American Hardware Manufacturers and the New Jersey Baptists, themselves possibly "hard shell." The Hardware men are, on the whole, more animated by the *joie de vivre*, and offer more to the philosophic observer. The intelligent segregation of the sexes, which everywhere gives the American business man time for business and the American woman opportunity for American womanhood, is made pleasantly manifest when the Hardware Wives, every one of them grasping the Stars and Stripes, are sent forth in a majestic procession of wheel chairs—and the Hardware Husbands retire *en masse* to the café. This leaves the other public rooms free for the chaster social gayeties of the New Jersey Baptists. On the Board Walk outside a young moving-picture actor is saying carelessly to a friend that he is at Atlantic City for a few days "doing some diving with Professor and Mrs. Harter for a new film," and near by the professor of classical philosophy in one of our great universities sits in a wheel chair with the dear little old lady who is his wife, and watches the procession of brokers, governesses, and children, colored waiters, ladies of fashion, chorus girls, and gum chewers generally file by. The newsboys in the offing cry raucously that they will supply your "home paper" from wherever you may come. The whole picture is agreeably symbolic of the varied elements in our national life. This is one of the forges at which our American civilization takes shape.

Even the national speech is forever recuperating and gaining fresh idioms in this inspiring air. Do not "butter-kist popcorn" and "sea-foam kisses" show the national mind poetically influenced by sand and wave? And when "Ish ka bibble" appears on the post cards you send home to the loved ones, is the expression not definitely in the American language?

Atlantic City is too vast, too full of significance to be confined within the limits of any article. Its many fashionable visitors do not succeed in making it fashionable, nor can its many vulgar admirers make it vulgar. It is cosmic. To visit it is a liberal education, for if you look at it the right way it broadens the mind merely to learn what other people eat for breakfast.

Atlantic City lifts the lid from American life so that you may observe it freely.

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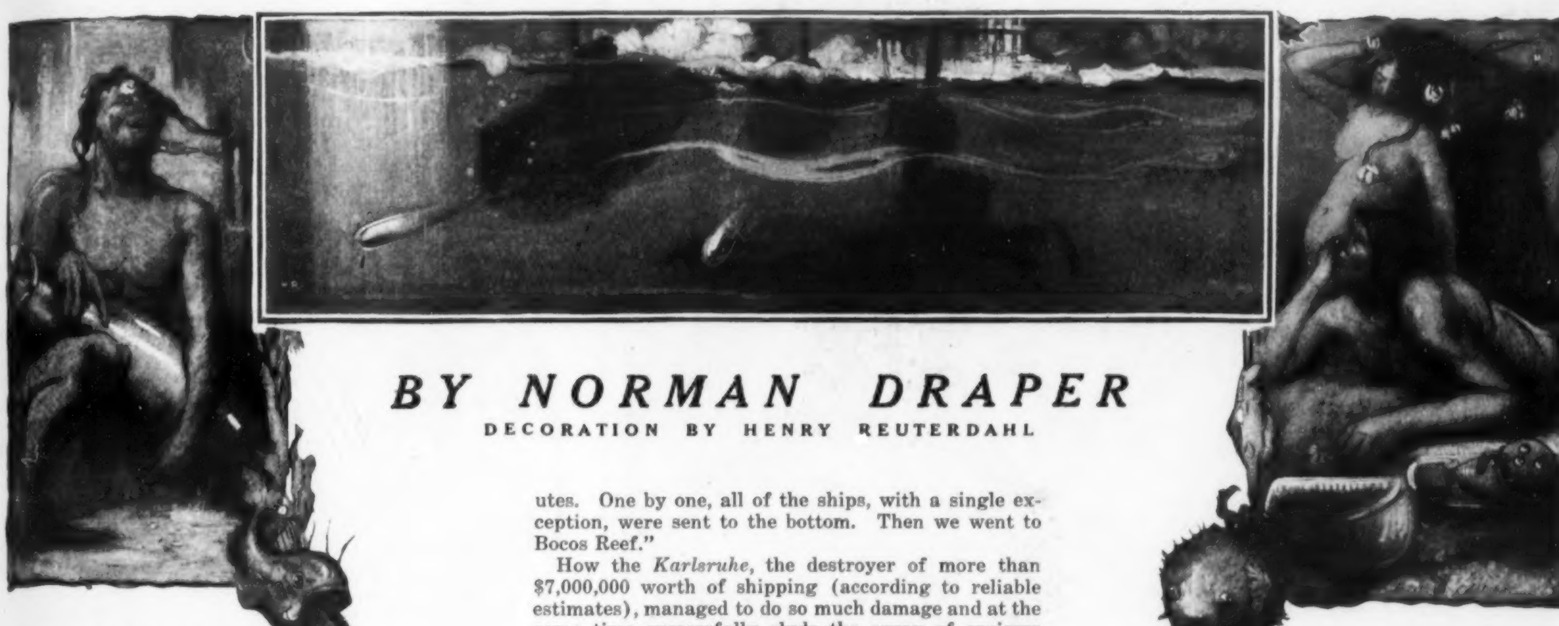
ATLANTIC CITY *is more royalist than the king, more "citified" than the city. There are thousands of miles of coast line from Maine to Florida from which you may observe the Atlantic, but only a scant ten or twelve from which you may look at Atlantic City. The most an optimist can say is that there is sometimes a little room in the sea if you swim far enough out*

THE LAST OF THE RAIDERS



BY NORMAN DRAPER

DECORATION BY HENRY REUTERDAHL

ON THE bridge of a long, lead-colored warship steaming through the South Atlantic against a heavy sea and a gale that blew out of the northeast a group of officers gathered behind a gigantic searchlight. As the bow of the ship broke its way through a towering wave, hurling a cataract of water over the deck forward and a cloud of salt spray upon the men on the bridge, a shutter covering the face of the searchlight was snapped open.

A beam of brilliant white shot into the darkness. It swept over the waves from one horizon to the other and then found what it sought—a little ship with a single funnel, from which a thick stream of black smoke was blowing.

From the wireless room of the war vessel came the crisp crackle of a jumping wireless spark. Then the tiny ship, which seemed to be blinking hesitatingly in the searchlight's glare, quickly swung around and dashed off to the west. The light followed her as the wireless again flashed out a message. The tiny ship, in reply, increased her speed.

Below decks on the warship a shrill whistle sounded. There was a rush of feet; a loud click. A voice cried: "Abfeuern!" (Fire!)

A burst of flame, the deafening report of a gun, a wreath of dirty white smoke; the single funnel tottered and fell. The little ship came to a stop.

The terror of the South Atlantic—the dreaded German cruiser *Karlsruhe*—had found another victim! The British steamship *Glanton*, three days out from Rio Janeiro with a cargo of coffee and a crew of sixty men, was the property of the German Government. Unwittingly she had sailed into the most formidable ship trap ever devised, and had paid the penalty therefor.

Although she lay to submissively with barely enough headway to keep her from rolling broadside into the trough of the sea, the Germans were unable to board her. So great were the waves that for a day and a night the two ships remained within two miles of each other, riding out the storm. When the wind lessened and the sea was a little calmer a longboat loaded with Germans was dropped overboard at an opportune moment. The boat narrowly missed being dashed to pieces against the armored sides of the cruiser, and then was away. About the same time two German ships, which before the war began had been engaged in the peaceful pursuit of carrying merchandise to and fro between Europe and the continent of South America, appeared upon the scene. They were the *Rio Negro* and the *Asuncion*, once in the service of the Hamburg-American Line.

Six hours it was before the crew of the *Glanton* was transferred to the *Rio Negro*. Then the captive, manned by a prize crew and with the flag of Germany flying at her stern, steamed away to the south. The *Karlsruhe* followed in her wake soon after.

Here, in the translated words of a man who was there, is what happened then:

"For two days we steamed down the globe. At a point 100 miles east of an island known as Bocos Reef, off the coast of Brazil, we gathered around us the *Glanton* and five other vessels. Their names, if you care to know them, were *Highland Hope, Rio Iguana, Pruth, Farn*, and *Cervantes*. The *Highland Hope* was the first. A charge of dynamite blew a hole in her side big enough to haul a 42-centimeter siege gun through. She sank in less than five minutes. One by one, all of the ships, with a single exception, were sent to the bottom. Then we went to Bocos Reef."

How the *Karlsruhe*, the destroyer of more than $7,000,000 worth of shipping (according to reliable estimates), managed to do so much damage and at the same time successfully elude the array of cruisers that Great Britain sent to curb her activities, is a story which your descendants and mine will be reading in histories a thousand years from now.

The *Karlsruhe's* log book will tell a story more thrilling than those of the famous *Alabama*, the *Bonhomme Richard*, and the *Emden*, all rolled into one. Her commander, Captain Kohler, has already earned a name for himself which rivals those of such naval heroes as Nelson, Semmes, John Paul Jones, and Von Müller. Consider, first, the sea traps the *Karlsruhe* so ably set for its victims.

When Germany went to war the cruiser was in the harbor at San Juan, Porto Rico. The British and French consuls there entered a vigorous protest with the United States Government against her being allowed to remain in port unless she was interned. The following day the *Karlsruhe* left for an unknown destination. From that day until this she has showed herself in no port.

Three weeks after she left Porto Rico, however, she had gathered about her a fleet of three German merchantmen. These ships, as I have already explained to the readers of COLLIER'S, sped to certain prearranged points on the ocean the instant it appeared that there was a chance that Germany might soon be at war. At those points the *Karlsruhe* found them.

These three ships the *Karlsruhe* spread across the steamship lanes either between North and South America, or between South America and Europe, as was desired. After several merchantmen flying flags of the nations allied against Germany had been captured the German vessels were released from the flotilla forming the ship traps and were given over to transporting passengers and members of crews of the captured ships to neutral ports.

The captive vessels, manned by German citizens found aboard them and prize crews from the *Karlsruhe*, took their places for the traps.

How Merchantmen Were Snared

HERE, in the words of Captain Hans Fritsch, a member of the German Naval Reserve commanding the steamer *Asuncion*, was the way the traps were operated after the *Karlsruhe* had been active for six weeks: "The *Karlsruhe* was constantly accompanied by at least four captured merchant vessels. When her officers learned that a merchantman was due in that part of the Atlantic Ocean the ships were spread out in the shape of a fan. The distance from one edge of the fan to the other was generally about 200 miles. When a vessel flying a hostile flag was sighted by any one of these ships in the daytime the wireless notified the *Karlsruhe*, cruising slowly up and down along the rear of the fan. Then she would dash in with her superior speed and capture the prize.

"There was always danger, though, that the captain of the ship we were after would become suspicious of the code radio messages that would be flashed through the air, and gain such a lead that it would be impossible to catch his ship before she reached a neutral port or a point in the ocean where it would have been dangerous to follow her.

"At night it was different. When one of the ships would sight the vessel we expected, she (the German ship) would immediately put on all steam and speed away. When she was well below the horizon the searchlight—and all the ships were well equipped—would be brought into play.

"There were two reasons why we always tried to make our captures at night. The first was that code wireless messages might be picked up by ships or shore stations hundreds of miles away. And that was dangerous. They might fall into the hands of the enemy, and then who could tell what might happen? With searchlight signals, however, we could be practically certain that they would not be received by persons other than those for whom they were originally intended.

"The second reason was that while suspicious sea captains are likely to run for it if the operators aboard their ships pick up a strong code radio message, they will not run away from a searchlight beam. Quite on the contrary, there are many sea captains who would steam toward a searchlight beam to investigate its origin.

"Two of the seventeen ships captured by the *Karlsruhe* came right up to her while she was flashing with her searchlight a message concerning another vessel. They reminded us of moths flying up to a candle flame."

With all this warfare, buccaneering, piracy, or valor—what you term it depends upon the direction in which your sympathies lie—not a single life has been taken. It is true that blood has been shed. That, however, is a story in itself.

Belaying pins in the hands of stalwart German seamen on the *Karlsruhe's* transport ships have split more than one British head. And the Germans aboard the transports had explicit orders to shoot any citizen of a hostile nation who started a disturbance or who became unruly. I have been able to find but one case where a shot was so fired. Then a revolver bullet was sent crashing through the leg bone of the ringleader of a group of twenty British firemen and stokers on board the *Asuncion* who planned to overpower the crew and run the ship into some English port in the West Indies. The shattered leg was amputated and its owner was walking about on crutches before his one remaining foot again touched terra firma.

On that occasion the *Asuncion* slowly cruised up and down a fifty-mile path in the ocean for more than three weeks. Other ships were due in that part of the Atlantic, and to have allowed the *Asuncion* to land the prisoners aboard her would have divulged the whereabouts of the *Karlsruhe*. As it was, the second officer of a captured British ship gave the location of the path traveled by the *Asuncion* when he was landed. Every night he lay on his back and watched the stars through a narrow hatchway. By them he reckoned the position of the ship. He was an efficient mariner.

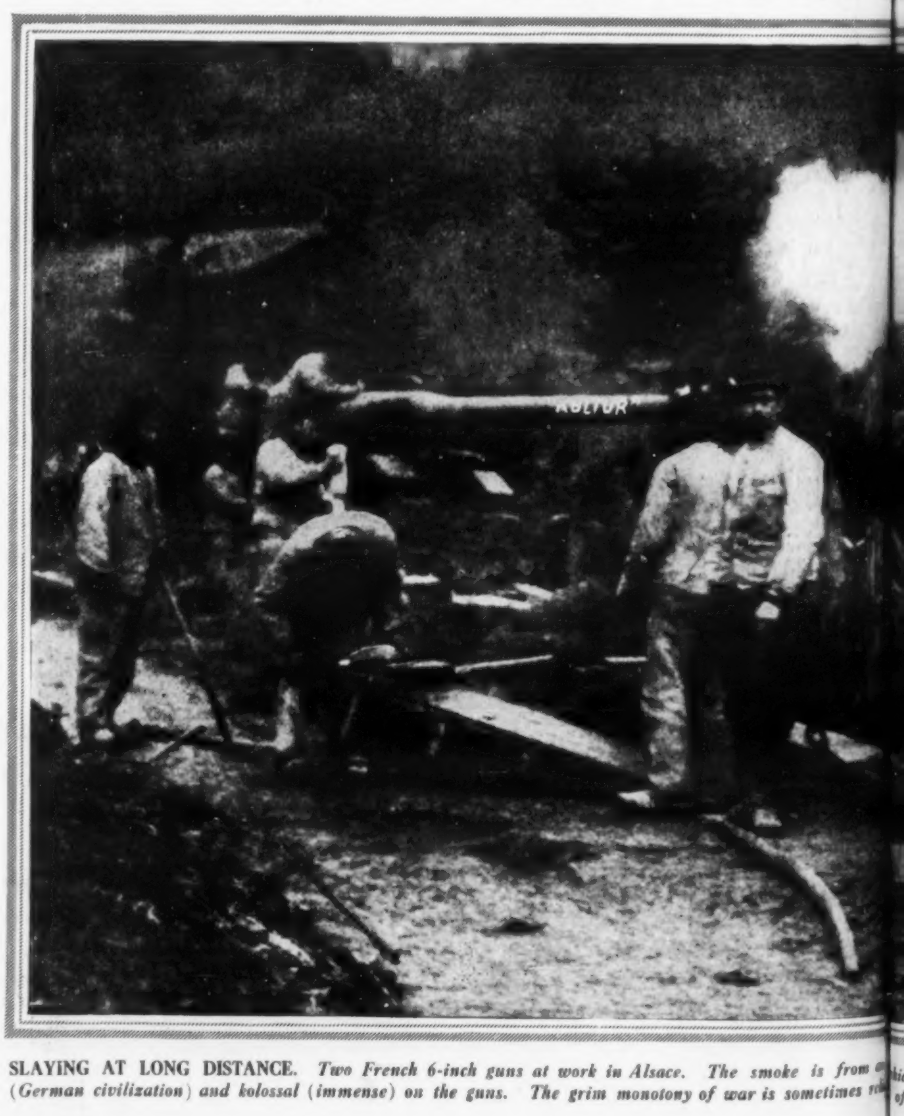
While I am on the subject of efficient mariners, I shall tell you how the crew of the *Karlsruhe* cleaned her bottom of an accumulation of marine growth while the ship was in the water. Heretofore it had been considered an impossibility to remove barnacles and fungi from the bottom of a ship without placing her in a dry dock, or, if she was a small ship, hauling her up on a marine railway. Four months before the war began the *Karlsruhe* should have gone in dry dock. So great was the accumulation on her bottom two months after the war began that her maximum speed was reduced from twenty-seven knots to about twenty-two knots. That was a serious matter. It was near the ship graveyard (*Continued on page* 27)

Fighting Throu

FRENCHMEN IN A FIRST-LINE TRENCH. *With the periscope they avoid exposing their heads to the enemy's bullets. This snapshot was taken on one of the few fair days the men have enjoyed since midwinter began. Bad weather was expected to cause a general lull in the fighting, particularly in the west, but the strain has not been relieved. Hardly a day has passed without one or more serious clashes. The Germans are anxious to cripple the French as much as possible before England's fresh army of a million goes into action*

A GERMAN AMBULANCE ON RUNNERS. *The wounded are being haul... have cost the Kaiser about 200,000 men in killed and wounded. T...*

GERMAN WAR BREAD *at a way station awaiting shipment to Russian Poland. Civilians as well as soldiers were eating the coarse army bread long before the Government confiscated the grain supply*



SLAYING AT LONG DISTANCE. *Two French 6-inch guns at work in Alsace. The smoke is from ... (German civilization) and kolossal (immense) on the guns. The grim monotony of war is sometimes ...*

rou Waiting-Time

are being haul ... ing line in Russian Poland, where Von Hindenburg's drives toward Warsaw wounded. T... compel the Germans to use the popular winter vehicle of the Russians

TO THE REAR FOR REPAIRS. *A French corporal wounded near Arras is being carried to an ambulance by two of his comrades. First aid was rendered immediately after he was shot, but not soon enough to prevent a serious loss of blood. According to the Paris War Office, 490,000 Frenchmen have been disabled by wounds or sickness, of which number 245,000 have rejoined their regiments. The killed and missing amount to over 250,000. At the present time France has 2,300,000 able-bodied men under arms*

e is from ... hich the man at the breech has just removed. A facetious Frenchman painted the German words kultur sometimes ... of humor, but if this scene is not unusual, there is very little poetry in the modern business of killing

MODEL WINTER QUARTERS *of French soldiers in the Argonne region. The floor is two or three feet in the ground. The walls are built of poles, the roof of planks and a coat of brushwood*

COLLIER'S

February 22, 1732–1915—

TO THE APPOINTMENT OF WASHINGTON, far more than to any other single circumstance, is due the ultimate success of the American Revolution. Punctual, methodical, and exact in the highest degree, he excelled in managing those minute details which are so essential to the efficiency of an army, and he possessed to an eminent degree not only the common courage of a soldier, but also that much rarer form of courage which can endure long-continued suspense, bear the weight of great responsibility, and encounter the risks of misrepresentation and unpopularity. For several years, and usually in the neighborhood of superior forces, he commanded a perpetually fluctuating army, almost wholly destitute of discipline and respect for authority, torn by the most violent personal and provincial jealousies, wretchedly armed, wretchedly clothed, and sometimes in imminent danger of starvation. Unsupported for the most part by the population among whom he was quartered, and incessantly thwarted by the jealousy of Congress, he kept his army together by a combination of skill, firmness, patience, and judgment which has rarely been surpassed, and he led it at last to a signal triumph. In civil as in military life he was preeminent among his contemporaries for the clearness and soundness of his judgment, for his perfect moderation and self-control, for the quiet dignity and the indomitable firmness with which he pursued every path which he had deliberately chosen. Of all the great men in history he was the most invariably judicious, and there is scarcely a rash word or action or judgment recorded of him. Those who knew him well noticed that he had keen sensibilities and strong passions; but his power of self-command never failed him, and no act of his public life can be traced to personal caprice, ambition, or resentment.

—The True Man

IN THE DESPONDENCY of long-continued failure, in the elation of sudden success, at times when his soldiers were deserting by hundreds and when malignant plots were formed against his reputation, amid the constant quarrels, rivalries, and jealousies of his subordinates, in the dark hour of national ingratitude, and in the midst of the most universal and intoxicating flattery, he was always the same calm, wise, just, and single-minded man, pursuing the course which he believed to be right without fear or favor or fanaticism; equally free from the passions that spring from interest and from the passions that spring from imagination. He never acted on the impulse of an absorbing or uncalculating enthusiasm, and he valued very highly fortune, position, and reputation; but at the command of duty he was ready to risk and sacrifice them all. He was, in the highest sense of the words, a gentleman and a man of honor, and he carried into public life the severest standard of private morals. It was at first the constant dread of large sections of the American people that if the old Government were overthrown they would fall into the hands of military adventurers and undergo the yoke of military despotism. It was mainly the transparent integrity of the character of WASHINGTON that dispelled the fear. It was always known by his friends, and it was soon acknowledged by the whole nation, and by the English themselves, that in WASHINGTON America had found a leader who could be induced by no earthly motive to tell a falsehood or to break an engagement or to commit any dishonorable act. Men of this moral type are happily not rare, and we have all met them in our experience; but there is scarcely another instance in history of such a man having reached and maintained the highest position in the convulsions of civil war and of a great popular agitation.

The Greatness of Washington

THE DESCRIPTION printed above was written in the fullness of his powers by one of the most impartial of modern historians in the huge masterwork to which he gave the best years of his life. The reference is to the eleventh chapter of W. E. H. LECKY'S "History of England During the Eighteenth Century," or to pages 209 and 211 to 213 of "Lecky's American Revolution," edited by Professor WOODBURN of Indiana University. This is doubly worth reading now because some of our more hasty-spirited radicals have for the last few years been attempting to further their projects for the future by depriving us of all pride in the past. It has become a kind of shibboleth among these partial thinkers that the Revolutionary War was an aristocratic intrigue to control both liberty and land (the latter being the more important) in the narrow interests of a dominant privileged class. It is useless to attempt reasoning with such fanatics, since any evidence or authority must, to them, be subordinated to their creed; but the rest of us can find inspiration in the noble words which LECKY wrote of one who merited the tribute.

Any Cure for Tax Eating?

WE COMMENTED LAST YEAR on the way in which Mr. A. V. DONAHEY, Auditor of the State of Ohio, attempted to get the facts as to Ohio's finances into the hands of her citizens. It appears now that this attempt was decidedly successful. The 1912 report contained some 900 pages of endless detail, and less than 50 copies were requested out of an edition of 1,200. The 1913 report was boiled down to some 250 pages of usable information, and an edition of over 11,000 copies was exhausted. This shows how to interest people in the actual results of their government, and the lesson is clear for every State and city that has sense enough to use it. But Mr. DONAHEY is not satisfied. His clear-cut figures prove only too well that the tendency in Ohio, as elsewhere, is to swell the governmental activities, to hide costs in indirect taxes, and to multiply expenditures indefinitely. The showing of specific facts is unanswerable. Is there any remedy? Critical, constructive publicity of the sort that Mr. DONAHEY'S work supplies is the first requisite. The second is, probably, to have the State body responsible for raising money (preferably such a body as the Wisconsin Tax Commission) given some sort of limiting power in respect to spending money. Perhaps our readers can suggest other betterments.

What Some Men See

A PERFECT PICTURE of the standpat mind is that given by a letter said to be on file among the records of the Patent Office at Washington. The writer, a sober, capable, industrious man, of good ability but narrow vision, is resigning because (as he points out at length) the inventions have practically all been made, and he is getting out now when he can step into a good position elsewhere, so as not to be stranded when the Patent Office is discontinued, as must be done in a year or two. This letter was written in 1833. What is your notion of the future of your line?

The Whole Story Again

HERE IS THE COMPLETE ACCOUNT of a Connecticut winter tragedy as told by the New York "Times":

> ARTHUR DAVIS, a fisherman of Greenport, L. I., reported to-night that a small boat was picked up off Fisher's Island this noon containing bodies of two men who had been frozen. The boat contained six frozen ducks, two guns, and an empty jug labeled "Fishel & Levy, wholesale liquor dealers, Hartford."
>
> There was nothing on the bodies to identify them and no oars were found in the boat.

There are many ways of committing suicide in cold weather—but how do such facts as these square up with the booze-boosters' billboard praises of whisky as the Sportsman's Stimulant?

"The Girl's First Fling"—and After

STILL the "Times" also gives this picture of life as it is not:

> There is something a bit serious to some in the gayeties attendant upon the girl's first fling in society, and those who are looking forward see in the girl of to-day the matron of to-morrow. It takes only a few years to bring about remarkable changes. Sometimes there is a little sadness; as a rule, though, a lot of happiness is their lot. One day they are modestly receiving the plaudits of their relatives and friends at a coming-out tea. Perhaps, before the season is over, their engagement is announced. Then comes a big town wedding. By the next season they are settled in a house or apartment in the fashionable zone, and it is not long before their names begin to appear as supporters of various philanthropies, and they take their place in the parterre row at the opera. Later, as the old folks pass away, they step in and fill the social niches, and before very long the girl who made her bow to society only yesterday, so fleeting is time, is a prominent hostess of to-day, with all the pleasures and responsibilities of an assured social career.

Once it would have enraged us to see such ineffable drivel seriously set forth where any young woman might read it and perhaps think it a summary of human life. But this time it only makes us smile. First, because the public properly appraises the snobbishness of the "Times" (in spite of its news excellence); second, because sensible people are beginning to understand that New York is just an isolated warren of humanity; and, third, because this war has made the world aware how women—young and old, rich and poor—have flung themselves eagerly at the chance to live broadly, to strive, to serve, to sacrifice. It is said that the

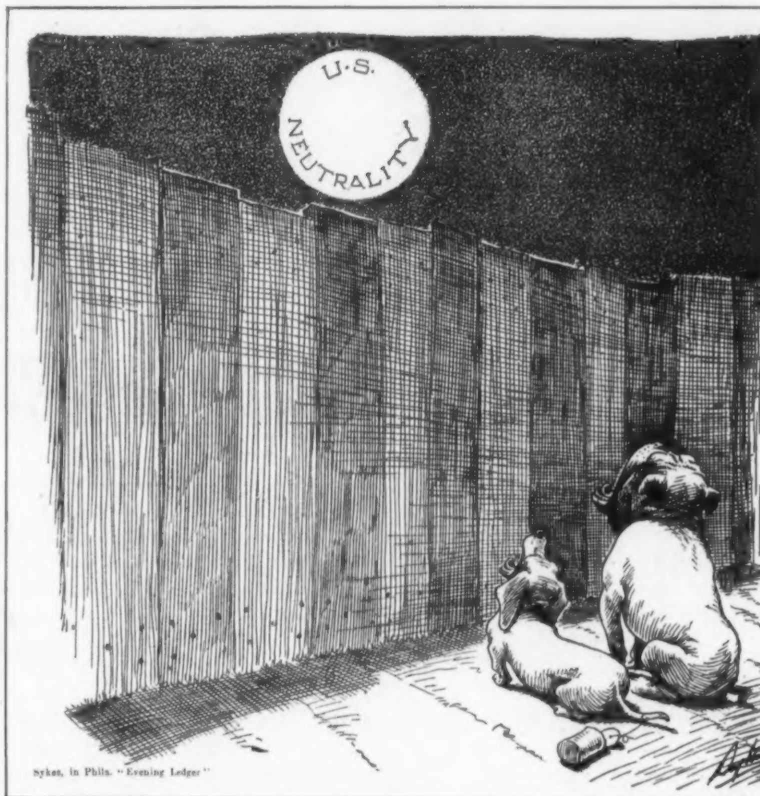
war has brought out the most ignoble in man. If this be true (and very likely it is not), the war has at least developed the best in women—no matter how much the "Times" or any other paper may babble as if life were just one pink tea after another.

We Are Americans

SOME FIFTY GENTLEMEN, including five members of Congress (Messrs. BARTHOLDT, VOLLMER, BARCHFELD, LOBECK, and PORTER), desire "to reestablish genuine American neutrality," free from "commercial, financial, and political subservience to foreign powers"—always excepting Germany. Meeting at Washington, the fifty have declared in their preamble: "The shipment of arms, ammunition, and munitions of war, *under conditions now prevailing*, is unfair, unneutral, and in violation of America's ethical ideals." Now, all this reminds one of the resolutions introduced in Congress by Senators HITCHCOCK of Nebraska, WORKS of California, and others—resolutions intended to forbid these exports to England and her allies. Yet, if Germany controlled the seas, shipments of arms would be, by Germaniacal logic, neither "unfair, unneutral," nor unethical. There are a good many genuine Americans who regret the fact that shipments of arms and munitions are consigned from our ports to the ports of England and France for use against Germany, Austria, and Turkey; these persons would like to feel that no American individuals or corporations profit by the war. But to find in the actual state of things a violation of neutrality is a horse of another color. There is ample precedent for these shipments; there is, in fact, no contrary precedent. It is not America's fault if Germany cannot make use of American munitions; that is due to Germany's relative inferiority as a naval power, in spite of her dashing sea raids. One may be grieved or cheered by the fact that there is no German port open for American contraband—but the sympathies of a neutral nation do not affect international law. The proposals of such statesmen as Messrs. HITCHCOCK and BARTHOLDT and VOLLMER have for their intent compensating Germany for the naval superiority of the Allies—and for us to compensate Germany in this or any other way would be an unwarranted and perilous piece of meddling. As COLLIER'S said on January 9 (and a hundred newspapers have echoed the statement):

> Neutrality consists in playing no favorites. To stop shipments to the Allies would be favoritism. Now, we do not propose to violate our neutrality to please Germany.

What Mr. BARTHOLDT and his kind need to be reminded of is the fact that they are Americans, and must regard the present war as Americans or forfeit their right to be considered good citizens.



Sykes, in Phila. "Evening Ledger"

Ow—oo—oo!

Striking a Lofty Note

HERE COMES the Atchison (Kas.) "Globe" urging this noble sentiment:

> Children are taught to be kind to dumb brutes, and something should be said about imposing on father.

Talk about jayhawker idealism! Why not stick to simple, practical things like prohibition and the political utilization of Mr. ARTHUR CAPPER and hitching your wagon to a star? Why attempt the illimitable? Still, we like the idea.

Mr. Wilson's Mistake

IF THE PRESIDENT meets with defeat in this matter of the Ship Purchase Bill (it seems likely as these lines are written), that defeat will effectively illustrate the prerogatives and the perils of popular leadership on the American plan. Mr. WILSON has very properly conceived that he is at once President of all the people and leader of his own party. But leadership of the Wilson sort is altogether different from the machine boss-ship of such a Democrat as MURPHY of Tammany Hall or TAGGART of Indiana. It is of weight or consequence only just about so long as public sentiment backs it. In the case of the ill-framed Ship Purchase Bill, founded upon bad economic principles and laden with national perils, the people of this country do not, speaking generally, support the President. They are even puzzled that Mr. WILSON should champion a measure which seems more characteristic of Mr. MCADOO'S type of intelligence than of his own. A good many of them are against this bill, however tinkered and whatever last-minute support it may have received from a few Republican members. They feel, with the New York "Evening Post," that the measure "should have been thought through before it was fought through." They are not persuaded of the justice or efficacy of Government shipping as a business expedient at any time; they pretty definitely oppose the experiment of purchasing ships from belligerents. The Ship Purchase Bill has been condemned not only by Senators ROOT and LODGE, whose opinions are highly valued in matters involving our shipping and our foreign relations, but also by the more thoughtful portion of the American press. Whatever the outcome of the Congressional battle over ship purchase, Mr. WILSON has made a mistake this time both in popular psychology and in economics.

On Seeing Poetry

MANY THERE ARE who love the poetry of words and lines and stanzas as they have been set upon paper by the poets of all time. For them the mere procession of syllables can summon up magic music, visions of beauty, the zest of living, kindling emotions, and lofty aspirations which crystallize into deeds. The lovers of written poetry are indeed thrice blessed. But what of the rest of the world—those who with perfect frankness admit that poetry does not move them? Must such resign themselves to life without that rich reward? No; for there is the poetry of life itself, more potent than anything in books can be. Nor need one search for it. The sunlight of a dawn slanting through your window; the twittering of birds in the tree top; the dandelions in the grass; children romping in the park; the wistfulness in the eyes of your own little boy and girl; the sight of two lovers at a trysting place; the quiet happiness and understanding of the old couple at their golden wedding; the friend whom you salute at the street corner; fellow workers content in their daily routine; the soaring lines of the skyscraper or the lonely sycamore; the ceaseless pulsing of the city street or the hush and winter calmness of a country hillside; the farmer among his stock or the sailor in the rigging; the cry of the wind and the swirl of snowflakes; the calm fireside at home and the rustle and leap of its flames; night and the eternal stars—these make the poetry of life, given to all, and transcending all else.

"The Sunday Before"

BY INVITATION MEMBER OF

NEW YORK, U.S.A.

The Overland is the car selected by the Rice Leaders of the World Association as prizes for the leading salesmen of the world.

"Since The Ov

THE above pictures vividly tell an every-day story. On one hand you have discontentment, depression, and a dangerous dash of unhappiness lurking around.

On the other hand you have happiness, vigor, geniality and pleasure.

Which represents your family?

Think what a totally different atmosphere and environment an Overland would bring to your home circle.

Think of the endless chain of brand-new pleasures.

Think of turning every idle moment into genuine enjoyment and sunshine. Think of the physical and mental benefits; of getting out in the brisk and bracing air; of spinning

Model 80 $1075
5 Passenger Touring Car

PRICES FOR UNITED STATES

Model 81—Roadster	$795
Model 80—Roadster	$1050
Six—Model 82—7 Passenger Touring Car	$1475
Model 80C—4 Passenger Coupe	$1600

All prices f. o. b. Toledo, Ohio.

Model 81 $850
5 Passenger Touring Car

Handsome catalogue on

The Willys-Overland

The Willys-Overland

"The Sunday After"

verland Arrived"

ring to

d-new

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getting
inning

along, out in the open country, with all the world before you, and all of your trials, tribulations and troubles behind you—forgotten.

Think of the practical advantages of an Overland. How you can use it for business; how your wife can shop and call in it, for any woman can drive an Overland. Again we say—think of your family.

Then go to the Overland dealer in your town. He will explain why an Overland is *the* economical car to buy and *the* economical car to operate. The small cost will surprise you. You'll come away with your new Overland wondering why you waited so long. Think how your family will fairly burst with gratitude and appreciation as you drive home in your new Overland.

Think!

logue on re Please Address Department 6.

erland ompany, Toledo, Ohio

verland of la, Limited, Hamilton, Ont.

Model 80 $1425

5 Passenger Touring Car

PRICES FOR CANADA

Model 81—Roadster	$1065
Model 80—Roadster	$1390
Six—Model 82—7 Passenger Touring Car	$1975
Model 80C—4 Passenger Coupe	$2150

All prices f. o. b. Hamilton, Ont.

Model 81 $1135

5 Passenger Touring Car

BARBARA'S MARRIAGES

CHAPTER IX
THE VERDICT

BY MAUDE RADFORD WARREN

ILLUSTRATED BY W. B. KING

A CHILL November rain was beating down when Barbara dismounted before the Charlottesville courthouse. Sissy had warned her that morning when she had started for town that it was going to rain, and she would better drive or take the train. But Barbara had insisted that the weather would hold; she was reluctant to admit that the dreary days were coming because they seemed to push so far away the golden hours of the summer. She had not informed any member of the household that the academy was closed on account of an epidemic of scarlet fever, because she knew that she would be expected to remain at Grassmere, and she wanted to let Thornton see that she was losing no opportunity of standing by him.

She sent a negro with Kirby to the nearest livery stable, and, entering the building, took her way to the room in which the case of Langrel *vs.* Thornton was being tried. Always she went into that room with an inward shudder of disgust, remembering the day she had been called as a witness. She had gone against Anita's protests. Anita, increasingly unreasonable as her vitality grew less, had come to think that Thornton had disgraced his name, since he was the defendant in such an ominous accusation as the embezzlement of funds. Her dislike of Langrel did not mitigate her resentment against Thornton.

It had been an uncomfortable experience. Barbara had stated, very definitely, what Thornton had told her in the spring about his business relations with Mrs. Langrel. Thornton's lawyer, Marshall, had treated her very deferentially, and she had felt that her testimony was making some impression upon the jury. Then Langrel's lawyer began his cross-examination. Barbara was not accustomed to the peculiar ethics of the witness stand, and it had taken all her self-control to keep down her temper at the fashion in which her statements were attacked. She was asked why she could be so very certain of the day on which Thornton's confidences had been made. Barbara saw at once that the expression "confidences" had impressed the jury; she saw equally that she could not say that the day was marked for her by the fact that she and Thornton had talked over little Mary Thornton's affairs, and had also promised each other to be the best of friends. She replied, truthfully enough, that she kept a diary, and had happened to put down, in a general way, the record of her conversation with Thornton. But the lawyer had gone on questioning, subtly implying that her testimony was too exact to be true. His manner as he glanced now at her and now at Thornton had been insinuating, and in this he was assisted by Langrel's confederate, General Bower, the white-haired old man of fixed, benign expression. Barbara had realized that the opposition was trying to prove that she had a sentimental regard for Thornton, who was using her as a tool. Langrel's lawyer endeavored to bring out in this cross-examination that Thornton had heard in the spring that Langrel was alive and had then made his confidences to Barbara, with the intention of using her later, if necessity arose. Although Marshall made many objections, and many questions were ordered to be stricken from the records, still Barbara could see the effect Langrel's lawyer was building up. He meant that the jury and the spectators should be filled with a dense distress that a dead woman and her prodigal son should be cheated.

When Thornton saw Barbara enter the court room his tired face brightened. The spectators were few in number, and Barbara was glad of that. A little knot of poor people whom Thornton had been kind to nearly always came. A good many of Bower's old military subordinates attended, and three or four of the Charlottesville Langrels, to whose sympathy Langrel had managed to appeal. Lucia Streeter had never once been present. As Barbara took her seat, a gust of heavy rain beat against the windows, and she felt that the dreary weather fitted the proceedings. Her depression was due not merely to Thornton's difficulty, but to the course her own affairs were taking. Barbara looked about at the different people in court who interested her—at Marshall, a big, urbane man, with bland eyes and an earnest turn of mind, anxious to take all things into consideration, wishing to analyze all reasons. Langrel's lawyer was a thin man with a gray, smeary shade of eye, and a mouth ready for harsh badinage. One of the jurors had truculent eyes, another had a hairy, lean face, a third scratched his head on the slightest provocation. Barbara resented the flavor of their egotism, their mixture of self-importance, curiosity, and self-satisfaction. It was the last day of the trial, and the lawyers on each side were to summarize their arguments. Barbara, up to the time of this case, had always had an unthinking respect for the law; she had assumed that it was synonymous with justice.

"Oh, you don't understand. I can't face this—it's the end. I can't face anything like disgrace. I could help in everything but this"

But she had come to the conclusion that justice or right or wrong had little to do with the matter; it all narrowed down to the power of human persuasion.

She was filled with a sort of sick rage as she listened to the prosecuting attorney, and looked at the complacent faces of Langrel and Bower. The lawyer was acquainted with Thornton; he knew that in all his record the only nominal stain was his arrest in the gambling house; he knew that the neighborhood prejudice against him in his student days had been unfounded; he knew that professionally Thornton had always been on the side of the underdog, so great had been his passion for fairness. He must have known, Barbara thought, that all that Thornton had done for Mrs. Langrel had been for the sake of affection and pity, and not from any hope of gain. Yet the man deliberately represented Thornton as a thief. He represented Bower as a noble savior of his country. He pictured Langrel as sick and discouraged in a foreign land, working against mountainous difficulties to make a record of which his old mother could be proud, and coming back with his little but honorably won success to find her dead, and a stranger in his place.

Barbara did not subscribe to the idea that it was the business of Langrel's lawyer to see only one side, to the end of getting a verdict for his client. She could only sit heartsick at seeing the jury swayed by his speech—and no more by his words than by the silent verdict of the spectators, which was against Thornton. There were present too many Confederate soldiers whose faith in General Bower's integrity was as strong as their faith in Virginia. Barbara could feel the keen advocacy of these old men sweeping toward the jury box like the old-time, steady movement of their infantry ranks.

Marshall was admirable. He made the most of his client's splendid record in the law and his devotion to Mrs. Langrel's interests. But he could not prove by documents that Thornton had never received any interest upon the mortgage which he held against Rosegarland, nor could he deny the fact that Thornton had been arrested with a group of the most disreputable gamblers in Charlottesville. He could not deny that Thornton had given Mrs. Langrel a receipt for her bonds, and had no written authorization to dispose of them as he saw fit. He laid bare the tawdry story of the elder Langrel's sin and shame, stripping aside, in his attempt to save Thornton, all the defenses which the dead woman had so carefully built against the world. But for the story of the forged check Marshall had no proof. Moreover, he had no means of shaking Bower's steady and injurious denial that the bonds had been given him to offset the check. There was no overt proof against Bower's character, nor could he make any overt attack upon it without laying himself open for libel. He believed in his client's innocence, but thought that Thornton had shown most unbusinesslike folly in not having got a signed and witnessed statement from Mrs. Langrel showing to what use the bonds had been put. In his efforts to move the old war dogs sitting alertly behind Bower he made the most of the war record of Thornton's father and uncle; but Thornton's father had been only a lieutenant and his uncle a colonel, while Bower was a general, and Thornton's mother had come from a Union family.

BARBARA, listening to Marshall's eloquent plea, was not deceived into hope; the case would go against Thornton. She listened carefully to the judge's impersonal instructions to the jury; he at least was a true servant of justice, not indicating on which side his sympathies lay. The jury filed out of the box and retired to deliberate. The spectators began to disperse, the old soldiers lingering about for Bower, as if they were his bodyguard. Thornton was in consultation with his attorney, but he kept glancing toward Barbara. She knew he meant to ask her to lunch with him, and she hurried out, for she wanted to be alone.

She went to the nearest hotel for luncheon, her mind dropping away from Thornton's troubles to a consideration of her own. For she feared that the test of absence which Hare had decreed was beginning to tell not for her, but against her. During the first month his letters had been wonderful. Then he had undergone a slight operation which had kept him in the hospital for a day or two, and from that time on his letters had failed, emotionally. The beginnings had changed from "Dear Little Love" to "Dear Little One"; then to "Dear One," while the last had begun with "Dear." Barbara assured herself that the change was due to the depression of spirits caused by his physical condition. She was counting the days till Christmas. When he should see her again, all would be as it had been before. Meantime, she

feared the day of the arrival of his letter as she had once longed for it.

She fought against brooding thoughts as she ate her luncheon, feeling that she must go under if she let herself think that Hare's dwindling affection would never revive. It would be unendurable to admit that hypothesis, for that would mean that she would search for the reason, and would presently be accusing herself. She did not want to ponder in retrospect, lest she degrade herself by considering not ethics, but tactics.

SHE got a magazine and went back to the courthouse. The verdict was not expected for hours, and if she stayed till it was brought in, she would be very late in getting home and thus evoke Anita's blame. But she felt that she could not desert Thornton, the more so since Lucia had not the courage to appear in the court room. Barbara felt that she and Thornton were, in a way, companions in misery, and she meant to give him all the help she could. He was not present when she entered, and she sat alone until midafternoon, when he joined her.

"It's a bad day for you to come out, Barbara," he said. "I needn't tell you how proud I am of the way you have stood by me."

"Plenty of people are standing by," she said, "but they can't all come into the court."

He sighed, thinking of Lucia.

"I don't believe we'll have to wait very long," he said; "the jury won't waste much time considering their verdict. The longer they stay out, the more hope there will be for me."

Marshall came in and beckoned to him. Thornton rose and left Barbara. At the same moment a bailiff approached with a note for her. It was a mere line from Lucia Streeter, and it read: "Please come to me as soon as the verdict is delivered." Barbara frowned a little. She could not forgive Lucia for not having sat with Thornton during every hour that he was under fire. Her excuse of illness did not seem sufficient; illness was not illness when it permitted one to drive every day. Yet Thornton apparently excused Lucia, and Barbara knew that she had no right to condemn anyone else for cowardice. In certain ways no one could be a greater coward than herself.

The afternoon dragged on. Early twilight closed in, and the gas was lighted. A few spectators entered, and Thornton and Marshall conversed together with an air of tense repose. Langrel and his lawyer appeared, and presently Bower and some of his old soldiers. A thrill of expectancy ran through the court room and two or three people in the rear moved up toward the front. Minute after minute went by, and the tension did not relax. Barbara found herself gripping her hands together and murmuring:

"Oh, if things don't go right for Stephen, how can I expect them to go right for me?"

The jurymen returned to the court room, the judge asked the foreman a question, and then, breaking the dead silence, came his statement:

"We find the defendant guilty."

IT seemed astounding to Barbara that half a dozen words could make so much difference in a man's life. One moment a man could be free and hopeful; the next moment he could be condemned and ruined. There was a little rustle in the court room. An old woman whose son Thornton had befriended began to sob; a bailiff rapped for order, and the judge delivered his decision. Thornton was to pay to Langrel the equivalent in money of the bonds, with interest from the day they had been disposed of to Bower. Thornton was also to pay all costs. Barbara thought the judge made it rather clear that he was on Thornton's side.

Some people sitting close to Langrel shook hands with him; Bower moved benignly among his old soldiers; Thornton and Marshall conferred, and the spectators began to disperse. It was all over. Barbara went to Thornton and gave him her hand. Then she slipped out. She did not want him to offer to take the dark, wet ride with her to Grassmere, and, besides, she had to go at once to Lucia. She walked to her hotel in a thin drizzle of rain that fell noiselessly against the wet pavement and by its very ineffectiveness added to the dreariness of the day.

She was shown at once to Lucia's private reception room. Lucia was standing with her back to the window, her hands nervously interlaced. She was wearing a black gown, and Barbara thought impatiently that her dress and manner looked rather too much as if she were posed for a part. Barbara went to her with outstretched hand.

"It's wicked!" she cried. "Stephen has to pay all that money. I shall always hate William Langrel!"

"He's guilty?" cried Lucia.

"That's what the verdict said," replied Barbara, a trifle coldly.

"Is—is he to go to prison?" asked Lucia.

"No," replied Barbara, annoyed that Lucia should know so little of the probabilities of the trial; "the ones who should go to prison are cousin William and that old hypocrite of a Bower."

Lucia's look deplored violence of word. She gave the effect of one struggling to suppress emotion. She sat down and covered her eyes with her hands.

"I'd hoped against hope," Lucia said.

"What difference can the verdict make when you know Stephen is innocent?" Barbara asked. "He'll soon live this down in the eyes of the world, and his friends know what he is."

"Oh, you don't understand," Lucia said. "I can't face this. It's the end."

"The end of what?" cried Barbara. "You can't mean—"

Lucia hesitated. She was far more reticent by nature than Barbara, but the gates of her reserve were shaken.

"I'll tell you," she said; "for you are more my friend than anyone here. I—I can't face anything like disgrace. I could help Stephen in everything but this."

Barbara waited.

"It isn't that I love him less because of this," Lucia went on, "but I am a coward. When I was a little girl my mother's father was tried for a felony. I can never forget what I suffered, child though I was, when he was fighting indictments and getting stays of proceedings, putting off his inevitable imprisonment. The other children said things to me—for children are often cruel; they don't know how facts hurt."

"But that was so long ago," murmured Barbara.

"That's not all," Lucia said desperately; "I must tell you so that you won't judge me too hastily. My father some years ago was involved in some dubious transactions—I don't suppose it was his fault, but if they had come to light he would have been held responsible. For years and years he had to pay blackmail till his blackmailer died; for years I never knew from day to day that exposure would not come—"

She broke off and began to sob.

"I'm sorry," Barbara said in a constrained tone.

"I hate myself for being such a coward," Lucia went on. "But I can't help it. I had disgrace because of my grandfather; constantly I feared it with my father. I can't live side by side with a man who is under the stigma."

Barbara was thinking that if Leonard were under a cloud, she would spend herself lifting it for him. She would make his success his happiness; she would make him indifferent to the world. Her glance was significant.

"You are not very merciful," Lucia said, with quivering lips. "It is because I'm not strong enough for the test. It's a question of failing Stephen now or failing him later. I know my own limitations. I know that, however I might try to help him, I would be always weighted down by that old obsession, that old horror of being eternally companioned with disgrace. I have no choice."

Had Lucia said no more than that she would have left Barbara sympathetic, if a little contemptuous. But she added:

"One must try to be sensible."

"Oh, if you are going to use that word 'sensible—'" murmured Barbara.

"What is there so contemptible in trying to be sensible?" cried Lucia with spirit. "You know nothing of the opposition I should have to meet from my father, from my married sister, from her husband, who doesn't want me to marry anyone, from all my relatives. You're a widow; you are singularly free, and you don't know the pressure that can be brought to bear on me!"

For a moment Barbara was diverted from the consideration of Thornton's further calamity by Lucia's assumption that she was free. No one, she thought, could be more bound than she was by her clinging love of Leonard.

"I'm not going to judge you," she said gently. "I suppose you are doing the

best you can. But this will be such a terrible added blow to poor Stephen."

"Oh, haven't I thought of that!" Lucia cried. "But I'll tell him fully. He knows something of my grandfather's imprisonment; who doesn't know? I'll tell him about father. He shall know that it is cowardice, not lack of love, that makes me fail him."

That, Barbara reflected, would be small comfort. The reason for abandoning him hardly mattered.

"I'll go away," Lucia said, "so that he shan't be hurt by seeing me. I'll make father take me back to California. You're a good friend to Stephen, and you'll be here. I have envied you the courage you had to go into that dreadful court—"

Barbara rose.

"I must go; it's getting late, and my sister-in-law will be alarmed about me."

Lucia did not attempt to detain her. Barbara could see that already she regretted her explanation. Why should she care what an inconspicuous Southern widow thought of her motives? Barbara walked quickly to the livery stable and mounted old Kirby. She had never before ridden home in the dark, but she was not afraid. She knew every foot of the road in the daylight; and the exercise of feeling her way along it in the dark and wet would take her mind from Thornton's troubles and her own. The blood was racing through her brain as she rode. She was still full of indignation against Lucia, against the miscarriage of justice, against the harsh ways of life. The dripping trees rose before her in sinister shapes, the hedges came forward and receded as if they were alive. Kirby's feet slipped on the muddy road, and when he forded a creek, the swollen water made him stagger. Now and then a voice called drearily across a farmyard, or a dog barked mournfully in the distance. The night was in key with Barbara's mood.

Kirby broke into a stumbling gallop as they turned into Grassmere. Young 'Thias took the horse with a subdued air and a glance over his shoulder at Sissy in the doorway. Sissy came forward and spoke whisperingly.

"Is you wet, Miss Barbara? Miss Anita's done had a fit, and we had to send for the doctor."

"Is she worse?" cried Barbara sharply.

"Lordy, no, miss," replied Sissy frankly; "she done fell into a temper because you warn't home yit. Then she just went on wid it, and 'Thias done thought it wouldn't hurt none to call Dr. Lewis, and might please her."

"Oh," said Barbara in a relieved tone.

"She's taking a little nap now, so you git on dry things and I'll put your supper on," Sissy said. "There's two letters come, Miss Barbara."

Barbara's heart leaped. One, she knew, must be from Hare. She took the letters from Sissy and went upstairs. The one from Hare she left till the last to read; the other was from Annie Bestor, brief, like all her correspondence.

"Dear girl," it ran, "I'm sorry there's scarlet fever in your school, but glad for your sake that they have closed up till after Christmas. Not that it will be a rest for you, if your sister-in-law is worse and your friend in trouble. I've troubles of my own. Two of my teachers are leaving in the middle of the term. In my school the engagement ring seems ubiquitous and fatal. I wish you'd take your sister-in-law in your arms and come along here to me, and tell your academy principal that she can seek for a new teacher after Christmas. I just glanced up from my desk to see Helen Farley and Dr. Hare driving by. They both look radiant this autumn. When we Californians take a vacation, we make the effects of it last, I can tell you. Write to me soon. A. B."

BARBARA'S heart contracted. More than once Annie Bestor had mentioned Hare and Helen Farley together. Lingeringly, she opened Hare's letter. It was even shorter than usual.

"Dear one," it ran. "It is Sunday night and I am just back from a climb up one of our local mountains. It has been a bright, sunshiny day, with a tang of something like frost in the air. I was with some men, but I soon outdistanced them. It all brought back the high Sierras to me, and you, Barbara. I thought of you wistfully, and I could feel your hand in mine. I wished for you here, and making a part of my regular habits in Pasadena, and my daily life. But it can't be, I suppose. I still mean to come at Christmas, or perhaps it will have to be some time in January, depending on some of my cases here. You will forgive a short letter, since I am so tired. Maybe I can write to you in the middle of the week. LEONARD."

BARBARA took what comfort she could in the letter, though it was cold enough. At least, he said he wished she were there, and he still meant to come to her near Christmas. How she wished she could take or leave Anita and accept Annie Bestor's half jocular offer! But that was impossible. She must pin her hopes on Hare's coming visit. She had not quite finished her supper when Sissy told her that Anita was awake and asking for her. She found Anita propped up in bed, palsied and drawn in the harsh light of an unshaded lamp. Barbara started at the look in her face and went forward hurriedly.

"Are you worse?" she said.

"No, I ain't worse, no thanks to you," snapped Anita.

"Let me put a shade on the lamp."

"I can't see if you do. Something's wrong with the lamp."

"What did the doctor say, sister Anita?" asked Barbara anxiously.

"Never you mind what he said. You tell me about Stephen's case."

Stephen's case! For the moment Barbara had forgotten all about Thornton. Doubtless at the moment he was with Lucia, being hurt in love, much as Hare was hurting her. Only Lucia would not change, but Hare must. He must be once more what he had been in the mountains.

ANITA lifted one shaking hand and pointed it uncertainly at Barbara.

"What are you waiting for?" she croaked. "Don't you suppose I know all about your goings on? The academy's been shut for a week, and you've been going to court to be stared at. You want to have people talking about you, don't you, my young woman?"

"People won't criticize the fact that I stood by your cousin, sister Anita," Barbara said.

"How long are you going to keep me waiting till you tell me?" Anita shrilled.

"Stephen is ordered to pay the value of the bonds to cousin William," Barbara answered unwillingly.

"So another one of my kin is disgraced," Anita said slowly.

"But you know he isn't guilty, sister Anita," Barbara protested.

"He's disgraced," went on Anita in a ruminating tone, "and Lucia Streeter will throw him over. Yes, I see your plan, Barbara, my girl."

"My plan!" cried Barbara.

"I understand why you've been a sympathizing visitor to the court while your pupils were mercifully sick of scarlet fever and the wife of the brother you killed dying here of neglect. You thought, didn't you, that you'd get Grassmere after all!"

A slow red rose over Barbara's face. She forgot her old resolution of silence and she said:

"You've been accusing me all along of wanting some one else."

"And don't you reckon I've seen that things have gone wrong between you and that upstart doctor?" Anita asked. "You can't hide from me what's in your mind."

"Let me beat up your pillows, sister Anita," Barbara said. "I wish you'd lie down."

"You've come back pretty late in the day to do me any service," Anita said. "But you can wait on me now. Go get on your riding habit again."

"Do you want Dr. Lewis?" Barbara asked. "Maybe young 'Thias will go for him, and I'll stay here to take care of you."

"You'll go this errand yourself, and it's not for the doctor. You ride to Charlottesville and get Mr. Marshall. I'm going to change my will."

"That can wait till to-morrow, sister Anita," Barbara said, soothingly.

"I can see through you, miss. You think I'll change my mind by to-morrow!"

"Sister Anita, Mr. Marshall wouldn't stir out a night like this. The most he would do would be to come in the morning. Just rest and I'll go to the nearest telephone and talk to him and tell him to come here as soon as he can."

"That won't do," Anita said, excitedly. "You go to him and tell him that a dying woman wants him to-night."

"You're not dying, sister Anita," Barbara said. "You're just tired out with your attack of this afternoon."

Anita's face worked. She lay back on the pillows with twitching, ineffective

hands. Barbara hurried to the bedside and bent over her. Anita feebly pushed her away.

"You are trying to kill me," she gasped.

"I'll go, sister Anita," said Barbara.

"Is Grassmere mine to do what I like with?" whispered Anita.

"Yes."

"Then he won't have it, and you won't have it. I'm going to leave it to my second cousin, Alison Peters."

Again Barbara's face flamed. Alison Peters was a brute and a drunkard, who had driven his own children out of doors, and with whom no respectable people consorted. To leave Grassmere to him!

"Sister Anita," she pleaded, "my brother loved this place. You know he would rather I had it than anyone else in the world, but failing me, he'd want Stephen to have it. He wouldn't want that—that Peters carousing in the rooms where my father and mother led their lives."

"I might make you swear never to marry Stephen Thornton," whispered Anita. "But you'd lie to me. Wantons always lie. Anyhow Stephen's disgraced."

"But no more than Peters."

Barbara spoke despairingly, convinced that she was dealing with a woman who was practically insane.

"I wish you'd send young 'Thias and let me stay with you," she said.

"You know 'Thias would never get past the graveyard," Anita retorted contemptuously. "You do like I say. You swore to me that I owned you, body and soul, because of what you had cost me. Now you go!"

"Very well, sister Anita," Barbara said. "I'll go. I'll start as soon as I can get dressed."

Anita closed her eyes; her sallow face took on a dreadful pallor. Barbara chafed her hands and held salts to her nostrils. Anita pushed her away feebly. "Sissy," she whispered.

Barbara called Sissy, and, going to the stables, she had one of the carriage horses put to the light dogcart. Then she drove down to Colonel Thornton's, the nearest house that had a telephone, meaning to send for Dr. Lewis. She was fortunate enough to find him there playing bridge whist. He came out to meet her, a little cylindrical man, long past his first youth, and obviously past his first interest in his profession. She asked him about Anita's afternoon attack, and he said that it had been sufficiently serious for him to order her to be kept perfectly quiet. Barbara described the condition in which she had found Anita, and the doctor suggested that they drive back at once to Grassmere. On the way Barbara cautioned him not to let Anita know that she was in the house.

HE came down from Anita's room looking perturbed.

"She's worse," he said. "These fits of excitement simply shorten her life. She's been eating out her nerves ever since your brother died. I've given her a quieting dose, and I'll look in the first thing in the morning. But you send for me if there's a change. You ought to have some white man about the place to-night."

"Is it as bad as that?" Barbara asked.

"I don't reckon she's in immediate danger, but if any change should come, you'd have to send for me, and you can't depend upon a nigger. It's too bad your sister won't have a telephone."

"I'll manage somehow," Barbara said. "Is it safe to leave her with Sissy now? I have to go to Charlottesville."

"Go to Charlottesville? At this hour and in this weather?"

"It's imperative. I promised Mrs. Langworthy; it was my protesting against the errand, I'm afraid, that made her collapse. I can get some one in the village to go with me. In any case, I'll have to take you back, you know."

Dr. Lewis capitulated, not wishing to be detained longer than he must from his bridge whist. But as Barbara drove him the half mile that separated him from his game, he protested against the advanced ideas which had poisonously penetrated into Virginia, with the result that the fair flowers of the State were teaching school and doing a man's work, instead of being waited on by their own firesides. Barbara listened with a little smile; there was something half humorous and half pathetic in such a talk, coming as it often did from men unable to care for their superfluous womenfolk, and who, in self-respect, must believe that the advanced ideas were due to the independence of their womankind, and not to their own inability as providers.

(To be Continued Next Week)

On the Belgian Bread Line

(*Continued from page 9*)

might trace the source of your steak or roast to young heifers which were being taken to market by farmers who had no cattle feed. Belgium has meat to last two or three months by killing off her stock to save it from starvation. For fruit you had Hamburg grapes; for salad the long-leafed, white endive. There is a plethora of both. Belgium sells both to the tables of the well to do in America in time of peace, when she exports food luxuries which require the attention of her skilled gardeners, and takes her pay in our grains.

Why Not Cake?

ALL the *patisseries* were open. Brussels is famous for its French pastry. With a store of preserves, why shouldn't the bakeshops go on making tarts with heavy crusts of the brown flour? It gave work to the bakers; it helped the shops to keep open and make a show of normality. But I noticed that they were doing little business. Stocks are small and bravely displayed. Only the rich could afford such luxuries, which in ordinary times were what ice-cream cones are to us. Even the jewelry shops were open, with diamond rings flashing in the windows.

"You must pay rent; you don't want to discharge your employees," said a jeweler. "There is no other place to go except your shop. If you closed, it would look as if you were afraid of the Germans. It would make you blue and the people in the street blue. One tries to go through the motions of normal existence, anyway. But, of course, you don't sell anything. This week I've repaired a locket which carried the portrait of a soldier at the front and I've put a new mainspring in a watch. I'll warrant that is more than some of my competitors have done."

Swing around the circle in Brussels of a winter's morning and look at the only crowds that the Germans allow to gather, and then see other bread lines in remote villages and towns, and the open *patisseries* become as pitiful a mockery as Marie Antoinette's naive question of why the people were crying for bread when they could buy such nice little cakes for a cent. Whenever I think of a bread line again I shall see the faces of a Belgian bread line. They blot out the memory of those at home where men are free to go and come; where war had not robbed the thrifty of food.

It was fitting that the great central soup kitchen should be established in the central express office of the city. For in Belgium these days there is no express business except in German troops to the front and wounded to the rear. The dispatch of parcels is stopped, no less than the other channels of trade in a country where trade was so rife, a country which lived by trade. On the stone floor where once packages were arranged for forwarding to the towns whose names are on the walls were many great soup cauldrons in clusters of three, to economize space and fuel.

"We don't lack cooks," said a chef who had been in a leading hotel. "So many of us are out of work. Our society of hotel and restaurant keepers took charge. We know the practical side of the business. I suppose you have the same kind of a society in New York and you would turn to it for help if the Germans occupied New York."

He gave me a printed report in which I read, for example, that "M. Arndt, professor of the Ecole Normale, had been good enough to take charge of accounts" and "M. Catteau had been specially appointed to look after the distribution of bread."

Most appetizing that soup prepared under direction of the best chefs in the city. The meat and the green vegetables in it were Belgian and the peas American. Steaming hot in big cans it was sent to the communal centers, where lines of people with pots, pitchers, and pails waited to get their daily allowance. A democracy was in that bread

line such as I have never seen anywhere except at San Francisco after the earthquake. Each person had a blue or a yellow ticket, with numbers to be punched, like a commuter. The blue tickets were for those who had proved to the communal authorities that they could not pay; the yellow for those who paid five centimes for each person served. A flutter of blue and yellow tickets all over Belgium and, in return, life! With each serving of soup went a loaf of the American brown bread. The faces in the line were not those of people starving—not yet. They would have been if America had not sent wheat and flour. There was none of the emaciation which pictures of famine in the Orient have made familiar; but they were pinched faces, bloodless faces, the faces of people on short rations.

The Legs of Life

TO the Belgian bread is not only the staff of life; it is the legs. At home we think of bread as something that goes with the rest of the meal; to the poorer classes of Belgians the rest of the meal is something that goes with bread. To you and me food has meant the payment of some money to the baker and the butcher and the grocer, or the hotel keeper. You get your money by work or from your investments. What if there were no bread to be had for work or money? Sitting on a mountain of gold in the desert of Sahara would not quench thirst.

Three hundred grams, a minimum calculation—about half what the British soldier gets—is the allowance. That small boy sent by his mother gets five loaves; his ticket calls for an allowance for a family of five. That old woman gets one loaf, for she is alone in the world.

Each one as he hurries by has a personal story of what war has meant to him and those dear to him. They answer your questions frankly, gladly, and their gloomy faces light with the old Belgian cheerfulness when they find that you are American. A tall, distinguished-looking man is an artist.

"No work for artists these days," he said.

No work in a community of workers where every link of the chain of economic life is broken. No work for the next man, a chauffeur, or for the next, a brass worker; the next, a teamster; the next, a bank clerk; the next, a doorkeeper of a government office; while the wives of those who still had work were buying in the only market they had. But the husbands of many were not at home. Each answer about the absent one had an appeal that nothing can picture better than the simple words or the looks that accompanied the words.

"The last I heard of my husband, he was fighting at Dixmude—two months ago."

"Mine is wounded, somewhere in France."

"Mine was with the army, too. I do not know whether he is alive or dead. I have not heard since Brussels was taken. He cannot get my letters. I cannot get his."

"Mine was killed at Liege, but we have a son."

The tears were in your own heart. There were none in these women's eyes; rather a certain stubborn pride that their husbands were away and free to fight for the return of the freedom which those at home knew so well how to value by its loss.

So you out in Nebraska who gave a handful of wheat may know, in the name of all the clean-cut young Americans who guard your interests, that said handful of wheat has reached its destination in an empty stomach.

If you sent a suit of clothes or a cap or a pair of socks, come along to the skating rink where ice polo was played and matches and carnivals were held in better days, and look on at the big boxes packed tight with gifts of every manner of thing that men and women and children wear, except silk hats, which are being opened and sorted and distributed into hastily erected cribs and compartments.

You American Mothers!

A BELGIAN woman whose father was one of Belgium's greatest lawyers—her husband is at the front, of course—is the very busy head of this organization, because, as she said, the busier she was the more it "keeps my mind off—" and she did not finish the sentence. How many times I heard that "keeps my mind off—" a sentence that was the more telling for not being finished!

She and some other women began sewing and patching and collecting garments; "but our business grew so fast" —the business of relief is the one kind in Belgium that does grow—"that now we have hundreds of helpers. I begin to feel that I am what you would call in America a captainess of industry."

"Oh, you good mothers in America! Some of you were a little too thoughtful in your kindness. An odor in a box which had evidently traveled across the Atlantic close to the ship's boilers was traced to the pocket of a boy's suit, which contained the hardly distinguishable remains of a ham sandwich meant to be ready to hand for the hungry Belgian boy who got that suit. Broken pots of jam were quite frequent. But no matter. Soap and water and Belgian industry saved the suit, if not the sandwich.

Sweaters and underclothes and overcoats almost new and shiny, old frock coats and trousers with holes in the seats and knees, may represent equal sacrifice on the part of some American three thousand miles away, and all are equally welcome. Needlewomen are given work cutting up the worn-outs of grown-ups and making them over into astonishingly good suits or dresses for youngsters. I should like officially to inform our little boys and girls who inclosed letters to the little Belgian boys and girls with their gifts that the censor mistook them for war correspondence, and not all the letters arrived. But in other instances answers will come in due time from the boy or the girl who got your suit or dress by the slow German military post through Holland—that is, if the answers contain no military secrets!

"We've really turned the rink into a kind of department store," said the lady. "Come into our boot department. We had some leather left in Belgium that the Germans did not requisition, so we bought it and that gave more Belgians work in the shoe factories. Work, you see, is what we want to keep our minds off—"

Blue and yellow tickets here, too! Boots for children and thickset working women and watery-eyed old men! And each is required to leave the pair he is wearing.

"Sometimes we can patch up the cast-offs, which means work for the cobblers," said the captainess of industry. "And who are our clerks? Why, the people who put on the skates for patrons of the rink, of course!"

Concerning Bread and Milk

I COULD write a few volumes on this systematic relief work, the businesslike industry of succoring Belgium by the businesslike Belgians, with American help. Certainly I cannot leave out those old men stragglers from Louvain and Bruges and Ghent—venerable children with no offspring to give them paternal care—who take their turn in getting bread, which they soak thoroughly in their soup for reasons that would be no military secret—not even in the military zone. On Christmas Day an American, himself a smoker, thinking what class of children he could make happiest on a limited purse, remembered the ring around the stove and bought a basket of cheap briar pipes and tobacco. By Christmas night some toothless gums were sore, but a beatific smile of complete satiation played in white beards.

Nor can we leave out the very young babies at home, who get their milk if grown people don't, and the older babies beyond milk but not yet old enough for bread and meat, whose mothers return from the bread line to bring their children to another line where they get portions of a sirupy mixture which those who know say is the right provender. On such occasions men are quite helpless. They can only look on with a frog in the throat at pale, improperly nourished mothers with their bundles of potential manhood and womanhood in their arms. For this is woman's work for woman. Belgian women of every class join in it; the competent wife of a workman or of a millionaire who has to walk like everybody else now that her automobile is requisitioned by the army.

Popeyed children, ruddy-cheeked, aggressive children, pinch-faced children, kept warm by sweaters that some American children spared, happy in that they do not know what their elders know! Not the danger of physical starvation so much as the actual pres-

ence of mental starvation was the thing that got on your nerves in a land where the sun is seldom seen in winter and rainy days are the rule. It was bad enough in the "zone of occupation," so called, a line running from Antwerp past Brussels to Mons. One can only guess what it is like in the military zone to the westward, where only an occasional American relief representative may go.

This is not saying that the Germans are stricter than necessary in order to prevent information from passing out when a hundred thousand Belgians would risk their lives gladly to help the Allies. One spy bringing accurate information might cost the German army thousands of lives and lose them the campaign. They see the Belgians as enemies. They are fighting to take the lives of their enemies and save their own lives, which makes it tough for them and the French and the British, and tough all round—but very particularly tough for the Belgians.

The Germans Are "Friendly"

AT the breakfast table in London, in Berlin, in Paris, the patriot gets his news from his own sources. "L'Echo Belge" and "L'Independance Belge" and all the other Brussels papers are either out of business or being issued on single sheets in Holland and England. The Belgian, keenest of all the peoples at war for news, having less occupation to keep his mind off the war, reads the newspapers established under German auspices, feeding him with the pabulum which German chefs provide, reflective of the stumbling degeneracy of England, French weariness of the war, and the invincibility of Germany. The Germans like this sort of thing, just as the French like the kind of cheer which their papers provide and the British theirs. If an Englishman had to read German or a German had to read English newspapers every morning he would soon understand how the Belgian feels.

Beside the latest "*Verboten*" and regulation of Belgian conduct on the city walls are posted the German official news bulletins. The Belgians stop to read; they pause to reread them. And these are the rare occasions when they smile, and they like to have a German sentry see that smile.

"*Pour les enfants*," they whisper, as if talking to one another about a *crèche*.

You never seem to get out of sight of the German patrols going two by two, while the regular police work is left to the Belgian police. They stand guard at the Bourse, at the King's palace, and at every other public building which they occupy. The garrison is not large, but its fingers stretch out in ubiquitous control.

"Eat and drink and live as usual. Go to your own police courts for misdemeanors," is the German edict in a word. "But remember that ours is the military power, and no act that aids the enemy, that helps the cause of Belgium in this war, is permitted. Observe that particular *affiche* about a spy, please. He was shot."

But Belgium makes war with its spirit, its mind. That is the wonderful thing: the power of passive resistance of a civilized people. The Belgians will not stop wearing their King's picture and the national colors in their buttonholes. At mass on Christmas Day in one of the great churches I saw a big Belgian flag displayed. The Germans could not enter the sanctuary and tear it down on such a sacred occasion. A German who wants to buy anything gets frigid politeness and attention—very frigid, telling politeness—from the clerk, which says:

"Beast! Invader! I do not ask you to buy, but, as you ask, I sell, and as I sell I hate! I hate!! I hate!!!"

An officer, entering a shop and seeing a picture of King Albert on the wall, said:

"The orders are to take that down!"

"But don't you love your Kaiser?" asked the woman who kept the shop.

"Certainly!"

"And I love my King!" was the answer. "I like to look at his picture just as much as you like to look at your Kaiser's."

"I had not thought of it in that way!" said the officer.

Indeed, it is very hard for any conqueror to think of it in that way. So the picture remained up.

How many soldiers would it take to see to it that no Belgian wore the Belgian colors? Imagine thousands and thousands of old Landsturm men moving about and plucking King Albert's face or the black, orange, and yellow from Belgian buttonholes! No sooner was a buttonhole clear in front than the emblem would appear in a buttonhole in the rear. The Landsturm would face counter, flank, frontal, and rear attacks in a most amusing military maneuver, which would put those middle-aged conquerors fearfully out of breath and would be rare sport for the Belgians. You could not arrest the whole population and lead them off to jail; and if you bayoneted a few—which really those phlegmatic, comfortable old Landsturms would not have the heart to do for such a little thing—why, it would get into the American press and the Berlin Foreign Office would say:

"There you are, you soldiers, breaking all the crockery again!"

And what were conquerors with any sense of humor to do when some of the town gamins stuck carrots into old derby hats in caricature of the spikes of German helmets, and, marching in front of a garrison headquarters, at their small commander's order, "On to Paris!" called in German, proceeded to do a goose step to the rear? Why, the conquerors had enough good sense to grin out of the corners of their mouths. Indeed, the gamin is about the only spirit of play which the Belgians retain.

When a united public opinion faces bayonets, it is not altogether helpless to reply. By the atmospheric force of mass it enjoys a conquest of its own. No Belgian would think of sitting down at the same table in a restaurant with a German. Any Belgian who has any, except official, dealings or talk with Germans is proscribed in Brussels, though in the small towns where soldiers are billeted there must be a certain amount of intercourse. If a German officer or soldier enters a street car, a woman draws aside in a way to indicate that she does not want her garments contaminated. The people in the streets walk by the sentries, giving them room as you would give a mangy dog room, yet as if they did not see the sentries; as if no sentries existed.

The Germans say that they want to be friendly. They even express surprise that the Belgians will not return their advances. They have sent out invitations to social functions in Brussels, but no one came—not even to a ball given by the soldiers to the daughters of the poor. Belgium is a unit, a grim unit, staring its inhospitality, its contempt, its cynical mimicry at the invader.

I kept thinking of a story I heard in Alaska of a man who had shown himself yellow by cheating his partner out of a mine. He appeared one day hungry at a cabin occupied by half a dozen men who knew about him. They gave him food and a bunk that night; they gave him his breakfast; they even carried his blanket out to his sled and harnessed his dogs as a hint, and they saw him go without one man having spoken to him. No matter if that man believed he had done no wrong, he would have needed a rhinoceros hide not to have felt this silence. Such treatment Belgians have given to the Germans, except that they furnished the shelter and harnessed the team under duress, as they so specifically indicate by every action.

It is not surprising that some of the old Landsturm guards—let us whisper it so that it will not reach the Kaiser's ears—would like to go home. They are used to saying "Wie geht's?" and getting a cheery answer from people they pass in the street. Now they are very lonely. And these Bavarians and Saxons were sent to Belgium because they were known to possess an affable good nature not cultivated by the Prussians. With Belgium conquered, Berlin reasons that the less friction the better, as a matter of policy.

Perversely Peaceful Belgium

POSSIBLY Belgium has won a victory of mind which the Allies have not yet been able to win with their bayonets. Germans who may have considered the annexation of Belgium if they won, remembering the experience of Alsace-Lorraine, begin to wonder if such a Belgium, remaining so exasperatingly perverse after five months, would not be too great a strain on the Germanic national digestive apparatus. That old saying about ruling a man against his will seems to hold good in the days of the forty-two centimeter Krupp no less than in those of the blunderbuss. The English, having learned this lesson from us and other sources, let the Boer majority rule in South Africa;

and, as a result, the Boers lately put down a Boer rebellion.

"We Belgians know how to suffer," said a Belgian. "We have learned how, as the cockpit of Europe. From Cæsar's time to now we've held on—Flemish and Walloon."

What stubbornness! What inherent doggedness of blood! For generations Flemish and Walloons have lived side by side in that little country, yet when I asked the way in French of a well-dressed artisan, a man near by, answering the question for me, remarked that the other knew only Flemish. All the street signs and all Government documents in Belgium, as you know, are in two tongues. Seven million Belgians with two tongues united against seventy million Germans with one!

Not only stubborn, but shrewd, these Belgians. Both qualities are brought out in the officials who have to deal with the Germans, particularly in the small towns and where the destruction has been the worst. Take, for example, M. Nerincx of Louvain, who has energy enough to carry him buoyantly through an American political campaign, speaking from morning to midnight. He had been in America. I insisted that he ought to give up his professorship, get naturalized, and run for office at home. I know that he would be a winner. When the war began he was professor of international law at the ancient university whose walls alone stand surrounding the ashes of its priceless volumes across from the ruined cathedral.

With the old burgomaster a refugee from the horrors of that orgy, which we shall not chronicle here, he turned man of action to act for the demoralized people of the town with a thousand homes in ruins. Very lucky the client in its lawyer. He is the kind of man who makes the most of the situation; picks up the fragments of the pitcher, cements them together with the first material at hand, and goes for more milk. It is he who got a German commander to sign an agreement not to "kill, burn, or plunder" any more, while the signs are still up on some houses saying that this house is not to be burned except by official order.

When?

THERE in the Hôtel de Ville, which is quite unharmed, he has his office, within reach of the German commander. He yields to Cæsar and protects his own people day in and day out, diplomatic, watchful, Belgian. I might tell you about his currency system; how he issued paper promises to pay with which he gave employment to the idle in repairing houses permitting of repairs, and cleaned the streets of débris, till ruined Louvain looks as shipshape as ruined Pompeii; and how he gets a little real money from Brussels to stop depreciation when the storekeepers come to him and say that they have stacks of his notes which no mercantile concern will cash.

M. Nerincx is practicing in the life about all he ever learned and taught at the university, "which we shall rebuild!" he declares with cheery confidence. And his anticipation of the day of Belgium's delivery is mixed with a fear, as is that of every Belgian official. For the spirit of the woman before the washtub is the spirit of all classes who have any firearms concealed: "I'll have a shot at the Germans as they go!"

Think of what that may mean!

A delightful old Bavarian Landsturm man searched me for contraband letters when our cart stopped on the Belgian side of a barricade beyond Visé, with Dutch soldiers on the other side. His examination was a little perfunctory, almost apologetic, and he did want to be friendly. You guessed that he was thinking he would like to go around the corner and have *"ein Glas Bier"* rather than search me. What a hearty *"Auf wiedersehen!"* he gave me when he saw that I was inclined to be friendly, too!

I was glad to be across that frontier, with a last stamp on my *Passierschein;* glad to be out of the land of those ghostly Belgian millions in their living death and stubborn resistance; glad not to have to give again to their ravenously whispered "When?" the answer "I do not know!"

Do you know, Lord Kitchener? Do you, General Joffre? Or you, Kaiser Wilhelm? There was no use of asking Harvard, 1914, till he admitted that there was a war. Still, I am sure he has an opinion under his neutral lock and key; and for all I can tell it is as valuable as anyone else's.

Last of the Raiders

(*Continued from page 13*)

of Bocos Reef that the work was done. First, sailors were lowered over the side with scrapers at the end of long poles. After they had scraped as far as they could reach, three divers were set to work. In five days the underside of the *Karlsruhe* was as clean as the proverbial whistle. For the first time in history, so far as I have been able to ascertain by an exhaustive inquiry, a ship's bottom had been cleaned at sea.

You may wonder why the *Karlsruhe* made her headquarters off Bocos Reef. The best reason was this: One of the *Karlsruhe's* two land bases was and still is, for all I know to the contrary, located on that island. It was there, I am told, that the Germans secretly buried a quantity of ammunition many years ago. It was there, also, that quantities of ship's stores, provisions, and even coal for an emergency, all of which were taken from captured ships, were hidden by the *Karlsruhe*. Captive ships were taken to Bocos Reef, their stores removed, and then they were sent to the bottom of the ocean near by.

Sometimes a charge of dynamite did the work. Other ships were scuttled by having their sea cocks opened. Still others were targets upon which the *Karlsruhe's* gunners practiced. This I do know: that the first two methods were the more popular. Ammunition in war times is a quantity to be conserved. However, target practice, especially with such fine targets, cannot be overlooked by competent naval officers. And Captain Kohler has certainly shown himself to be one of the most competent naval officers in history.

Kohler just now is called a pirate in London, and hailed as a hero in Berlin. There is no doubt that some of the actions of his command have been savored with a flavor of the buccaneering days of long ago when all the ships that sailed the south seas were at the mercy of the black flag with the skull and cross bones. No person has called Kohler a coward. They couldn't. A man who holds the lives of 960 men in the hollow of his hand, and who, with their unanimous approval, places dynamite at six vital parts of his vessel and connects them all with a switch on his bridge, for use should he and his men be cornered without ammunition to defend themselves, is not cowardly. That is what Kohler did!

A Man Who Knows No Fear

IT happened this way: The commander of the *Karlsruhe* learned that the British had sent the battle cruiser *Princess Royal* to augment the cruiser squadron that had been trying to find him, various units of which he had at different times engaged or, by skillful maneuvering, evaded. Now the *Princess Royal* is probably the most powerful ship of her class in the world. She has the armament of a battleship and the speed of torpedo-boat destroyer. Under forced draft she can make a speed of thirty-three knots. The *Karlsruhe* could make a maximum of twenty-seven. So the commander of the *Karlsruhe* lined up his crew.

"Men," he said, "you know and I know that sooner or later we will meet an overwhelming force of the enemy. We have just so much ammunition. When that is gone we have done our duty. When that time comes I intend to blow up the ship rather than strike our colors. If there is a man here who cares more for his life than he does for the Fatherland, let him step out." Not a man moved! The following day wires connected charges of dynamite and the switch on the bridge.

Two weeks later the Kaiser announced from Berlin that in recognition of the feats performed by the *Karlsruhe* and her fearless crew, the members of which have thirsted for violent death, but evidently have failed to find it, he had decorated all the officers and warrant officers and fifty noncommissioned officers and members of the crew with the Iron Cross.

So far the *Karlsruhe* has been under fire only twice. Early in the war, while her bottom was foul, she met the British cruiser *Bristol* and one other British cruiser off the Bahamas. Two to one was an uneven fight, so the *Karlsruhe* ran. For fifty miles over the sea the British cruisers chased the *Karlsruhe*. More than a hundred shells were exchanged. After the German gunners got the range the British ships fell away and then the *Karlsruhe* soon dis-

appeared from sight. The *Bristol*, it was said, was hit by several of the German shells during the fight. The *Karlsruhe* was untouched.

On another occasion the French cruiser *Descartes* met the *Karlsruhe* one hundred miles northwest of the coast of Brazil. The shells exchanged did no damage to either ship.

As this is written mystery surrounds the whereabouts and the activities of the *Karlsruhe*. She has not been heard from for more than three months. Has she been sunk by the enemy's guns? Has her commander thrown the little switch on the bridge? Has she steamed to a remote part of the ocean and there anchored herself with her supply ships? Is she awaiting an opportunity to again raid British shipping? Or has she managed to run the gantlet and joined other German ships in European waters? These questions for the present remain unanswered.

By the time this issue of COLLIER'S reaches the reader there may have been a dramatic answer made to more than one of them.

If the *Karlsruhe* has not reached Europe, when she does arrive on the other side, if ever, she will probably go directly to the shipyards at Kiel, where in 1913 she was constructed at a total cost of £450,000. It was at Kiel that she received her main battery of twelve 4.1-inch guns. It was there also that her two submerged torpedo tubes were given her. Now, there is honor awaiting those guns and tubes and the ship that carries them.

The Ship of the Iron Cross

BEFORE the German cruiser *Emden*, raiding commerce in the Eastern seas, was hunted down and driven ashore on the Keeling Islands in the Indian Ocean, an order for an Iron Cross, three feet high and three feet wide, had been given. It was intended for the bow of the *Emden*. After the *Emden* was no more the Kaiser was quoted as saying that after the close of the war a new *Emden* should be built and that an iron cross should be constructed in her bow.

The Iron Cross which was ordered for the *Emden* has now been completed. It is in the yards at Kiel. If the *Karlsruhe* ever reaches there, it will be hers.

And then, too, the officers and men of the commerce raider will have the crosses they have won pinned to their breasts. For, although the decorations have been awarded them, they have never actually been received. The Iron Cross men on the *Karlsruhe* are wearing, instead, little strips of red, white, and black ribbons. And the ribbons, mind you, were taken from the cargo of a captured British merchantman!

Mr. McMorrogh

(Continued from page 11)

"An' the joke is," he rumbled with gathering volume, "I'd just as lief 'a' made it sixty thousand! Had it in my pocket right here!" and he laughed uproariously, patting his big chest.

"Oh, all right, John!" the boss good-humoredly replied; "the joke's on me! The joke's on me! S'long, John! S'long!"

"So long, McMorrogh! So long! So long!" And the storm rumbled off down the passage.

The private secretary next inducted 'Gene Miles, a thin, grateful man whose ambitions did not come high. Another followed and another; the boss went through them all.

One escaped. He brought a check book and was roundly cursed as an idiot. He went away weeping.

BY seven the boss, weary and grim, was at his own door. With a strong effort of will he drove all trace of weariness from his face and genially greeted the missus, a plump little woman with apple-red cheeks, who adored him for his masterfulness, never inquired into his finances, and, in all minor matters, wound him around her little finger.

"Peggy, my pet!" said the boss with cheerful affection, "I've a surprise packet for ye!" and he kissed her tenderly, first on one red cheek and then on the other.

"Have ye that, Mac?" said the little woman, beaming.

"I have, Peggy, an' a grand one!" and he put his arm around her waist and drew her to the sofa.

"I've been noticin', Peggy"—and he stroked her plump hand with genuine affection—"that ye're all tuckered out!

All tuckered out, ye are! Saw it a week ago! Oh, ye've no call to deny it! Ye were always the one for pluck! But I've noticed it these ten days! Peggy, ye need a holiday!"

THE little woman's heart began to throb with joy. And it seemed to her, as the boss spoke in that warm, caressing voice of his, that she really had been feeling poorly these two weeks and more, and had been holding up and making a brave show for the boss's sake.

She nestled close to him with a contented little sigh. "Where we goin', Mac? Atlantic City?"

The boss patted her hand and once again kissed the red cheek—that did not suggest immediate breakdown.

"What would ye say to Quebec, Peggy?"

"Oh, Mac!"

"An' Newfun'land after that?"

"Oh, Mac, darlin'!"

"An' then across the watter. To th' old country?" Peggy fairly broke down and burst into tears. It seemed too happy to be true.

McMorrogh soothed and petted her.

"There ye are, ye see, dear!" he said soothingly, "all tuckered out—regular nervous an' shaky! We got to get away! An' now th' election's over an' we've won, it's high time for us to take a little rest—an' divarsion! It'll be a good thing for me—to get away—for me health, too!"

Instantly the little woman started up, all concern. Only the boss's large authority and masterful will held her back from summoning the doctor by phone. But finally she was persuaded.

"An' now get to yer packin', little woman. Ye haven't too long. We must leave the house at ten. I've ordered a car." Peggy gave him a hug.

"Ye always think of everythin', Mac!" She gave him a hasty supper and began to pack. As she hustled things into a steamer trunk and two or three suit cases and hand bags and finally crammed the odds and ends into a rug roll, McMorrogh wrote to his landlord. He thought of everything, just as Peggy said.

And now he thought of his dearest possession after Peggy—little Eileen. Peggy decked her, very drowsy, in a white fur coat and cap and white kid shoes, splendid with pearl buttons, all of the boss's choosing; he always said nothing was too good for Eileen.

At ten minutes to ten the car arrived. At five minutes to, the baggage was stowed, Mrs. McMorrogh was making her way downstairs with her hand bag full of precious things Mac had given her on birthdays and Christmases, and the boss was following in a heavy overcoat and green velour hat, with little Eileen sweetly sleeping in his arms. At ten o'clock they were whirling to the station. By eleven-thirty Peggy was snugly tucked under the white counterpane in the drawing room, blissfully dreaming. Eileen had slept all the time, and lay now, a soft-cheeked angel with clustering hair, one little arm, bare to the elbow, on the white sheet.

The boss had the smoker all to himself—but for the ghosts. He gazed out into the night, unseeing.

The boys had tried to knife him—and he had beaten them to it. Yes, he had gone through them—had their money in his pocket—a cool hundred thousand. Not the first time he had made them shell out! But he had always delivered the goods. No bunco deals! He had played straight with the boys. They trusted him and he made good. That was why they had fallen so easily now. He had always made good. That was why he had never cared a straw for the reforming dudes, the kid-glove, silk-sock crowd that shouted "Stop thief!" after him. If any man showed him how to make a dollar, he stood ready to give that man half. And if he showed the other man how to make a dollar, or a thousand, or a hundred thousand, why, the other man gave him half. All fair and aboveboard, and let the boob dudes shout!

THE boys believed in him. And Peggy believed in him always, bless her dear heart! You couldn't make Peggy hear a word against him—no, not if those dudes bellowed it into her ear with a megaphone. She would just smile at him with her humorous kind eyes.

Yes, Peggy would trust him through thick and thin. Even now, if all this came out, she wouldn't hear a word against him, or harbor a thought. He was solid with Peggy. They would see the old country together, as they had

always planned without quite believing it, and buy a farm and settle down. They had money enough. Eileen would grow up a fine slip of a girl. He and Peggy and Eileen. Eileen?

He went forward between the heavily curtained rows of berths to the drawing room. Peggy was still sleeping soundly and smiling in her sleep. Eileen, too, little angel, her hair clustering on the pillow. He bent over her, listening to her gentle breathing.

"And her father is a thief!"

McMorrogh started back and looked this way and that. The inner voice was so clear that he felt for an instant that some one else had spoken.

"Her father is a thief!"

McMorrogh slipped back into the corridor, closed the door softly, and made his way back to the smoker.

He sat down facing the black window, set himself to light a cigar, broke three or four matches, and finally got it alight.

"Eileen's father is a thief!"

The sweat stood in chill beads on his brow. Yes, a thief! The boys had trusted him and he had buncoed them. The boys had meant to knife him. Well, was he less a thief for that?

The shame of it wrung him with anguish. Not his shame, but Eileen's. When she knew, when she understood, could he look her in the face? Would she ever hold up her head again? Eileen's shame.

Yes, and Peggy's—and his own. He saw that now. The boys had believed him. Why? Because he was always straight! McMorrogh made good! But now? He wasn't straight. He was a cheat, a thief! Eileen's father a thief!

Intolerable anguish—darkness. Then, in the midst of it, a little light that grew brighter. He would go back! He would make a clean breast of it and give them their money—Johnny Marshall and Henney and the rest. And immediately he felt lighthearted, relieved, the anguish assuaged. Then, for an instant, the deep relief suggested truancy. Was he not straining a point? After all, was it necessary?

"Eileen's father a thief!" The voice came again and the anguish with it.

McMORROGH started up, swung into the corridor and caught at the Railway Guide. He must act at once or go crazy. Stiffly fingering the pages, he turned up the Coast Limited—yes, in an hour or so they would meet the down train and he could change and go back. He would. He would write to Peggy, explaining. Explaining everything? No, not yet. That would come later, in words, with his arm round her. Peggy would understand.

He would tell her now that he had been called back. He scribbled a note, told of a sudden, imperative call; bade her go on, take rooms at the Imperial, and wait for him a day or two, not more. And he inclosed a hundred-dollar bill—one of his own; he hadn't touched the others. He took the note and pinned it to her pillow. Then he just touched Eileen's soft, warm cheek with his lips. He had the right to now. Eileen opened her eyes for a moment—very blue they were—and smiled on him, and went to sleep again, softly breathing, her hair clustered on the pillow.

Then McMorrogh hunted up the conductor, gave some kind of explanation, got out at the next station, and presently boarded the down Limited. Worn, yet strangely happy, he slept till the train pulled into the home depot, in the white of the dawn.

Very still it was; chilly, too. He walked. There was no hurry. Suddenly he realized he was very hungry. Stepping into a lunch wagon, he ate a roll with a hot sausage in it and drank a cup of coffee. Then he went on again to his home.

Letting himself in with the latchkey, he noticed the yellow envelope of a telegram on the hall floor. The messenger had rung, got no answer, and pushed it under the door.

McMorrogh picked the telegram up, vaguely wondering whom it was from, but preoccupied by his resolve. Almost unconsciously be ripped the envelope open and unfolded the sheet:

"Come at once—Warner."

McMorrogh half closed his eyes and peered at the telegram, turning it this way and that. Then, carrying it in his hand, he went to the den, searched among a litter of papers on his desk and found a time-table. . . . Yes, there was a train in an hour; he could make the depot easily. The rest must wait till later.

HE was just in time for late breakfast at the Governor-elect's house. The Governor-elect and his lady were already at table. Mr. Warner rose, rather awkwardly, his face red, and presented McMorrogh to his wife, who, to the boss's astonishment, took his hand warmly in both hers, and cordially seated him beside her. Then she and her husband vied with each other in pressing all sorts of good things on him: an English chop with a kidney, Virginia ham, steaming coffee, hot rolls.

When his material needs were satisfied, Mr. Warner turned to him, still rather shamefaced and red.

"You got my wire, McMorrogh?"

"Yes, this morning!" the boss answered, without further explanation.

The Governor-elect went on, haltingly:

"Fact is, after you went yesterday—" The Governor's lady interrupted, a charming smile on her alert, eager face:

"James told me about your talk, Mr. McMorrogh—"

"Yes?" The boss was surprised.

"—Told me what he had said—" she continued, with a faint flush—"and I was indignant! Yes, indignant, Mr. McMorrogh!"

"Indignant?" queried the boss. "What about?"

"About the way he was treating you—his oldest and best friend! He had told me all you have done for him—and I have never had a chance to thank you, Mr. McMorrogh! And, indeed, no thanks would be enough—"

It was the boss's turn to flush with gratified wonder. "So, of course, I was indignant at his attitude yesterday, and I told him outright—"

"Oh, yes, she gave me a talking to, Mac!" interrupted Warner, with a grin that brought back in a flash the little shaver running from the cop. "So I wired you to come—"

Warner's eyes rested on the boss's face with real pleading. He was deeply anxious to make amends and be forgiven. "Yes—?" queried the boss, still perplexed.

"Well—" Warner felt the awkwardness of his position. He wisely decided to rush it. "That talk of yesterday—that's all off! Forget it, Mac, forget it!"

"And them appointments?" the boss asked.

"Oh, that'll be all right. We'll talk about that later."

Mrs. Warner rose, holding out her hand to McMorrogh with graceful cordiality, and said with a warm smile:

"Better talk about it now! Take Mr. McMorrogh to the den! There's a nice fire—and some of your pet cigars!"

When they were snugly settled in armchairs before the fire, their cigars well alight, Warner again rushed his fence:

"Where's that list you had, Mac?"

RATHER slowly McMorrogh put his hand in his breast pocket and pulled out the list. And suddenly he felt again a pang of the anguish that had come upon him in the smoker the night before, and once again the chill beads of sweat stood on his forehead. Then, in an instant, a wave of relief went through his heart. He was going to make good!

Warner just glanced at the list.

"That'll be all right! It's all in your hands? I'll leave it to you—you can have just what you want—"

A thought flashed into McMorrogh's mind:

"Say, what about that reform movement, Jimmie?"

Warner flushed:

"Well, ye know, Mac, I've a notion people want somethin' like that. It's the fashion. An' if they want it, we got to give it to them. Tell ye what we'll do, Mac!" and once more the grin of

SENATOR A. J. BEVERIDGE

Now in Germany and

FREDERICK PALMER

Now in France, will both contribute articles to early issues of Collier's. They are attracting wide attention

Do Not Miss These Articles

the street urchin broke through. "We'll push that ahead—an' you'll lead it!"

McMorrogh burst out laughing: the expression of the profound relief and solace in his heart. Then he asked, to make sure:

"An' about this slate?"

"Go right ahead!" urged Warner with genuine enthusiasm; "I'll O. K. everythin' ye do!" So George Henney got his Third Commissionership, big Johnny Marshall got his roadbed contract, and the rest in like manner.

An hour later the boss was once more walking from the Governor-elect's house to the depot, after a cordial leave-taking in which he had promised Mrs. Warner that Jimmie should have the renomination when his term was up. McMorrogh felt strangely happy as once before, after his difficult resolve.

"Thank the Lord I went back!" he said to himself. Then, as a wise second thought:

"I'll tell the whole thing to Peggy!"

Saleratus Smith

(*Continued from page 7*)

Not a black lad there but saw in it all this and more. The thoughtless and heartless, the crook and degenerate, everyone, admired and feared the giant in flesh and personality as the chiefest of them all; a calloused hulk and will that no man's muscle or hate or misery, nor woman's tears, nor fear of law or danger, had been able to cope with and suppress. And here, in a flip of time, something had made him do what all the powers of society had been powerless to effect. He said it was God Almighty. And they believed him.

HE stood like a statue and waited, his ax his wand, his eye running from head to head back and forth until every eye was steadfast upon him and everyone motionless and silent.

"We'll sing a song," he smiled as he lowered the ax. "It's the quick way to bore down to dat sweet place. Dar's a song every man knows. De name of dat song's all de words yo' needs to know. De tune comes natural. 'Nearer, My God, to Thee!'—let 'er go!"

He gave an initial flourish of his ax as baton and led off with his powerful bass, tempered to a rich, mellow bellow. At first but a voice or two were hardy enough to accompany him, but as the throb and thrill of the melody stirred the negro love of music the others joined in one by one, the volume of harmony surged higher and higher and lifted the miscreants with it, washed out farther and farther, and broke over the ears of forty uniformed men, who, under smoking torches, were patiently waiting at parade rest with a rabble about them.

"Hello, there's our cue," cried the leader. "Fall in!" The snare drum tapped, the men swung into step, instruments went up, the long roll rolled, and the melody in lively marching time was wafted back to the singers.

"Hark!" exclaimed Saleratus as their verse ended. "Hear dat music comin' back like de echoes from heaven? Dat's de military band to de last man with $200 of my money. And dey's comin' for yo'. We's goin' in style."

The negro's love of ostentation had everything to do in suggesting it, but the man whose will was iron and the gambler who, when he plunged, went the limit, had all to do in carrying it out. Saleratus marched at the head of the procession with the ax on his shoulder. A long black overcoat of box effect gave his bulk towering hugeness. Behind him came Jim Slocum carrying a big sign on high; next the band; and then the visitors, two abreast.

At last they wheeled from a narrow cross street into the main business thoroughfare and its blaze of electric signs. As the band spread out with brisk, imposing step, and the old hymn's melody, superbly rendered, startled the attention of the Saturday night crowds that still thronged the sidewalks, Saleratus girded himself without a quiver for the ordeal of his life. He expected to be laughed and hooted at and jeered unmercifully. He turned and gave a last look at the sign. It heralded in big black letters:

SALERATUS SMITH
AND
HIS GAMBLING JOINT
HAVE BEEN
"PULLED"
BY
JESUS CHRIST

The people laughed at the first impact of surprise, of course, but it was not scoffing merriment. Then the witch-

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ery of the flooding music, the recognition by every onlooker that the big nigger was doing what they would hardly have the courage to do, and the commanding dignity which the sacred name on the crude sign cast over the proudly pacing leader, began to set off cheers. Cheer fired cheer. The cheering grew and attended the marchers. In spots it almost drowned the band. Saleratus was dizzy with glory.

IN the Tabernacle the evangelist was concluding his address. He stopped in the middle of a sentence and listened. "Hark!" he said. All heard a distant but louder-growing clamor like that of a jollification.

"That's he!" interrupted the evangelist. "He's kept his word. The blackest gambler in the State is washed as white as snow."

The applause subsided and all waited on the qui vive. The great central doors of the structure were hurriedly opened. The music and hubbub were rapidly nearing. The audience turned in their seats and then stood upon them in craning eagerness. The six-foot colored lady stood beside the minister on the next bench behind the vacant ones.

"He's the very man we've been hunting for to open the general store and bank in our colony," she exclaimed delightedly, her eyes glowing at the far-off opening. "There is his field. I must speak to him after the meeting."

"Take care, Lucy. Don't be precipitate. It takes years to reform such a man completely. Remember he'll want to marry yo'. It's risky business, risky business!"

The music blared just without.

"I'll look out for the risks, uncle."

And then the gigantic form strode into view like a sable monarch. He whipped off his hat and led the way unflinchingly and sternly down the long incline of the broad sawdust aisle, while the vast assemblage, reading the sign at a glance, stormed with applause. But when the long array of bobbing woolly heads filed in behind the band, they cut loose restraint and thundered to high heaven.

About one o'clock that night the door of the minister's humble home opened and Saleratus blocked the light and stepped out. The six-foot lady followed him to the step and gave him her hand in good night and laughed serenely.

"I'll stay over into the week—there's so much to tell about the South. And I will write Louisville to-night sure," she said.

"Thank yo', thank yo'," replied Saleratus with waxen graciousness. "And I'll sho'ly be here in time to attend the mornin' services with yo'."

The minister accompanied him to the sidewalk.

"I promise yo', Rev'nd Tucker, I'll not look a marryin' look at her till I shows I's saved for good. I'll start for Looyville de week after she gets dar. An', remember, I never fo'gets yo'. Never! 'S long as I have a dollar yo' can have a bite out it whenever yo' needs it. Good night. Good night."

HE shook hands and departed.

"Now, Lawd," he prayed in a whisper as he strode along, "now dat de excitement's over it's up to me. It's up to yo', Saleratus! De hawd, hawd time's comin' when de hog'll want to go back to his wallowin' in de mire. Lawd, dry up de mud. Keep dis nigger saved. Give him strength and wisdom —and fin'ly dat girl. Amen!"

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The other lies in that high quality attained by ceaseless betterment. For years and years we have spent $100,000 yearly on research and experiment.

Extra Millions Spent

Goodyear Fortified Tires are built in a very costly way. So costly that they used to sell for one-fifth more than others. It is due alone to mammoth output that they now cost no extra price.

One exclusive feature—our "On-Air" cure—adds to our tire cost $450,000 yearly. We spend that extra to save our users countless needless blowouts.

Our No-Rim-Cut feature combats rim-cuts in the best way known. Our rubber rivets, formed by a patent process, reduce loose tread risk by 60 per cent.

We vulcanize into each tire base six flat bands of 126 braided wires. That's for safety—so tires can't fly off.

Our All-Weather tread—the ideal anti-skid—is double-thick and tough. It presents maximum resistance both to wear and puncture. And its grips are sharp and resistless.

All these features—which cost us extra millions—are found in Goodyear Fortified Tires alone.

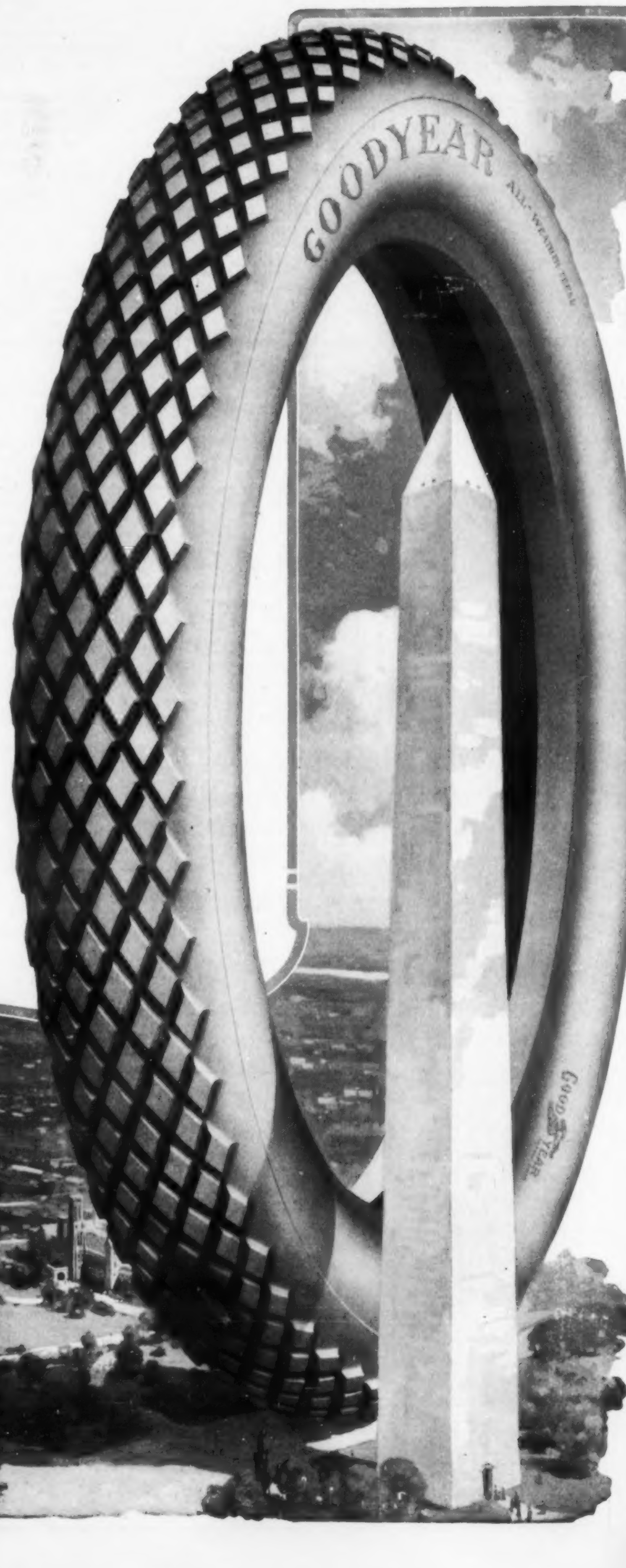
Get These Protections

We claim that these protections deserve a test from you. You should compare the Goodyear with tires not fortified like these. That's all we ask. If their sturdiness can't win you—their extra mileage and their trouble-saving—we have nothing else to argue. Go back to the tires that can.

Any dealer can supply you Goodyear tires.

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY
Akron, Ohio

(2221)



GOODYEAR
AKRON, OHIO
Fortified Tires

Fortified Against:
- **Rim-Cuts**—by our No-Rim-Cut feature.
- **Blowouts**—by our "On-Air" cure.
- **Loose Treads**—by many rubber rivets.
- **Insecurity**—by 126 braided piano wires.
- **Punctures and Skidding**—by our double-thick All-Weather tread.

"WELL, YOU'RE HELPING SOME!"

Painted by G. J. Perrett for Cream of Wheat Co.

You'll Freeze Fast to P. A.

Load up that old jimmy pipe or roll a cigarette with P. A., strike a match and let 'er flicker. P. A. won't miss fire or flare back, men! One puff, you've got steam up and you've got the full fragrance and flavor of

PRINCE ALBERT

the national joy smoke

You'll vote it the one *real* tobacco. And when you find out you've smoked all day and all night and that your tongue and mouth and throat are just as unruffled and peaceful as a Sun day morning in the country, you'll freeze fast to P. A. for life.

It used to be that pipe and cigarette tobacco without a saw edge was harder to find than hitching posts in the subway or a currycomb in a garage. But now that P. A., made by a patented process which takes out the bite, has rung down the curtain on tongue terror, pipe and cigarette peeve, you hear a lot of chin music about no-bite tobacco.

But there never was another tobacco just like P. A. and there never will be, because the P. A. patented process is controlled exclusively by us. That's stiff-as-a-boiled-shirt talk, but it only t[illegible]s a ten-cent tidy red tin or a five-cent toppy red bag to sit [illegible]with a right to call.

Stake you[illegible] a try-out-size package of P. A. and it's the doughnut a[illegible]he hole that it will be you for P. A. for pipe and cigarettes. Buy it in pound crystal-glass humidors for home and for office. It's the real joy jar. Also in pound and half-pound tin humidors at stores where they sell tobacco.

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY, Winston-Salem, N. C.

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